

Rolling Stone

A full-page photograph of David Bowie as Ziggy Stardust. He has bright red hair styled in a large, spiky pompadour. He is wearing a vibrant, multi-colored striped jacket with shades of red, orange, yellow, and blue. He is holding a light-colored acoustic guitar and looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is a warm, golden-yellow gradient.

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THE RS INTERVIEW

JULIAN ASSANGE

WikiLeaks' Founder Tells All

By MICHAEL HASTINGS

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RS1149

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS"

Ground Control to Major Tebow

What's more glam-rock than the Denver Broncos' Jesus-loving quarterback? Pretty much anything! That is, until Jimmy Fallon introduced "Tebowie" (a hybrid of David Bowie and Tim Tebow), who sang "Space Oddity." Touchdown, *Late Night*!

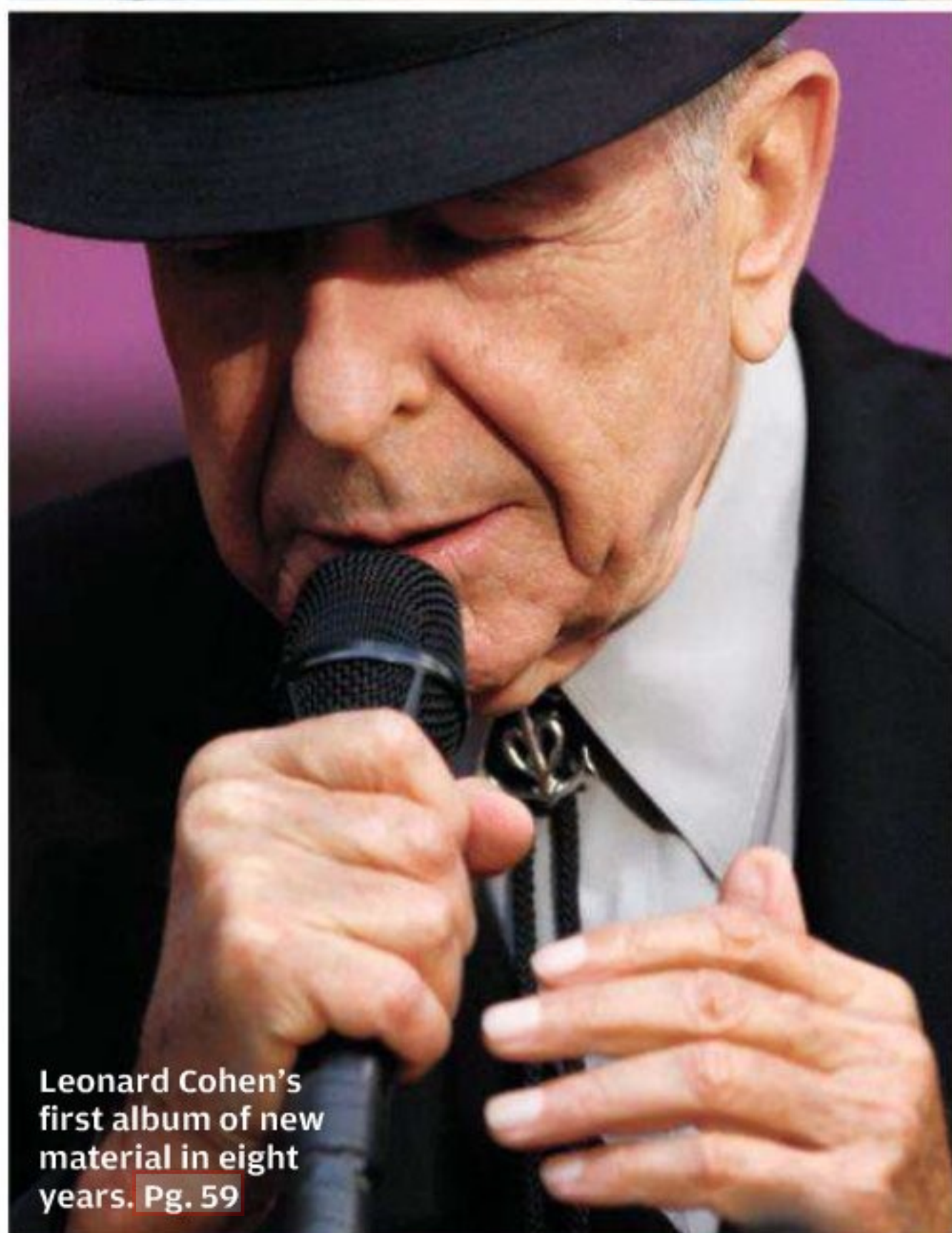
LLOYD BISHOP/NBCU/AP IMAGES

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David Bowie illustration by **Tim O'Brien**.

Illustration based on two photographs: Michael Ochs Archives/Getty Images (head) and Chris Walter/PhotoFeatures (figure)



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PREVIEW

2012's Biggest Tours

Madonna, Springsteen, Radiohead, Van Halen, Black Sabbath and the Black Keys: ROLLING STONE readers pick the tours they're most excited about this year, and we tell you everything there is to know.

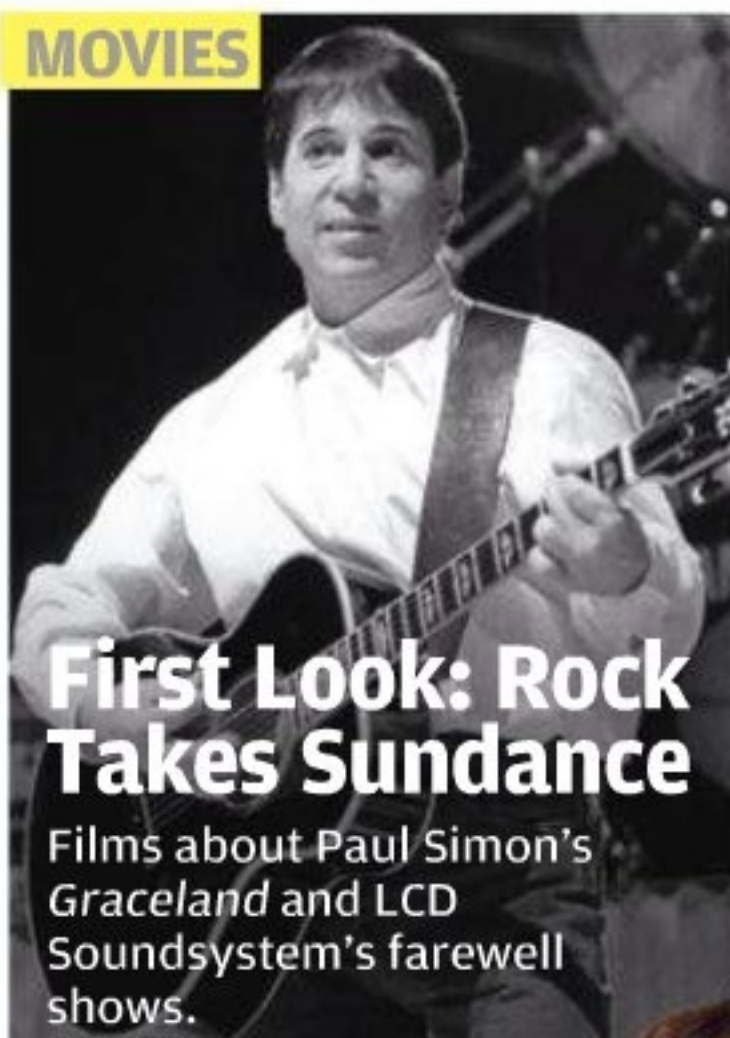


GALLERY

Jack White and His Superfriends

Check out a video gallery of Jack White's greatest collaborations, including Loretta Lynn, Wanda Jackson and Stephen Colbert.

MOVIES



First Look: Rock Takes Sundance

Films about Paul Simon's *Graceland* and LCD Soundsystem's farewell shows.

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'American Idol': The Behemoth Awakens

RECAP

Prime-time wild man Steven Tyler and his friends return for more high jinks. Read our weekly recaps of every episode and more.



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Correspondence

{ Love Letters & Advice }



2011 Yearbook

YOUR "2011: WHAT JUST Happened" [RS 1146/1147] was the most comprehensive 2011 wrap-up I've read. Sure, Bill Maher's take on the ever-growing stupidity of the Republican Party was both astute and timely, but it was also fun to read that celebrities' pop-culture tastes aren't so dissimilar from ours. Who would've thought that Sammy Hagar's favorite movie of the year was *The Help*?

Victoria Simmons
Via the Internet

I WAS COMPLETELY IM-mersed in the incisive 2011 commentary provided by visionaries like Michael Stipe, Steven Spielberg and Frank Rich – until I got to the bottom of the page and saw Snooki. Really, RS, enough is enough.

Andrew Peterson, via the Internet

STING FEELS THAT CELEBRI-ties attending Occupy Wall

Street events are "aggrandiz-ing" themselves. This from the musician who threw himself a 60th-birthday concert.

Karen Walker, via the Internet

GOP Freak Show

TIM DICKINSON'S ARTICLE about the Republican candi-dates really gave me a pho-bia about Republicans ["The GOP's Crackpot Agenda," RS 1146/1147]. The GOP's eager-ness to embrace policies that are so damaging to this coun-try's future is terrifying. But what else can you expect from religious fanatics?

Gary McLehaney, Benton, AR

TO ALL THOSE IN IOWA AND New Hampshire voting Mitt Romney to victory, a remind-er from Dickinson's insight-ful piece: Romney's jobs plan "casts the industries driving the climate crisis as victims of 'the Obama administration's war on carbon dioxide.'" Think about that.

Sally Dunn, via the Internet

DICKINSON'S ARTICLE TO-tally ignores the candidacy of Rep. Ron Paul, mention-ing him only once – come on, ROLLING STONE, what are you afraid of?

Rex Blackwell, Denver

Smooth Operator

I LOVED YOUR PIECE ON Questlove ["America's Bandleader," RS 1146/1147]. Josh Eells made Ahmir shine.

Thank you, RS, for this person-able profile of this crazy genius.

Nalini Narayan, Oakland, CA

EVEN THOUGH QUESTLOVE got in trouble for playing "Lyin' Ass Bitch" when Michele Bach-mann walked onstage at *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon*, it was pretty cool to read about the incident – from idea perco-lation to execution to punish-ment. Yeah, the suits ultimately won, but you can't deny that Questlove's got some balls!

Jennifer Wall, via the Internet

I WANT TO THANK JOSH Eells for making me feel like I

"I want to thank Josh Eells for making me feel like I was in the room with Questlove during this interview."

was in the room with Questlove during this interview.

Niall Gibbons, via the Internet

HE CAN COUNT JAY-Z AND Jimmy Fallon as his friends, and yet Questlove gets tongue-tied around Alison Brie? Please, dude, I will gladly trade places with you. At least to get my hands on that record collection.

Michael Poller, via the Internet

Lucky Louis

YOU GOTTA HAND IT TO A guy like Louis C.K. ["The Man Who Loves to Hate Himself," RS 1146/1147]. There aren't many comedians out there who

would willingly forgo more lu-crative deals in exchange for complete creative control. And there aren't that many gut-bustingly hilarious comics like C.K. out there, either.

Jonah Weisman
Via the Internet

Year in Music

I REALLY ENJOYED YOUR "Albums of the Year" section [RS 1146/1147]. Especially be-cause not only did a woman snag the top spot (Adele, 21), but the top 10 alone included three female acts (Lady Gaga at No. 6, Wild Flag at No. 9). Way to recognize!

Nicole Korn, via the Internet

MANY THANKS FOR YOUR massive support on our song "How I Roll," by Britney Spears! Amazing that Rob Sheffield put our song as his No. 1 single of 2011 on RS.com! However, I just want to point out that "How

I Roll" is produced by Bloodshy, Henrik Jonback and Magnus, not by Bloodshy and Avant, as you mention in your list.

Henrik Jonback, Stockholm
Co-writer and co-producer,
"How I Roll"

YOUR JUSTIFICATION FOR naming Paul Simon's *So Beau-tiful or So What* the No. 3 album of the year puts into words what I have always thought about his music: his "conversational elegance and attention to detail" have kept me listening for 40 years. Who else could use the word "cine-matographer" in a song and get away with it?

Cindy Yeager
Lakeside Park, KY

Get Your Vote On

By David Rees



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Rock & Roll



ATOMIC PUNKS
Roth and Eddie Van Halen onstage at Cafe Wha?

Van Halen Launch Latest Reunion With Club Show

Supercharged gig serves as announcement for band's new LP and tour
By Andy Greene

MIDWAY THROUGH Van Halen's set at the tiny Greenwich Village club Cafe Wha? on January 5th, David Lee Roth looked at the journalists and VIPs who packed the room. "Last time I stood on a stage this low, I had to have the car back by midnight," he said. "This is inarguably one of the better gigs."

With lean, furious versions of hits from "Panama" and

"Jump" to "Running With the Devil," the hourlong concert served as the official announcement for Van Halen's tour behind *A Different Kind of Truth* (in stores February 7th)—their first album with David Lee Roth since 1984.

The show included one unreleased track: "She's the

"I told you we were coming back," Roth told the crowd. "Say you missed us!"

Woman," which Roth introduced as "brand-new," though hardcore fans recognized it as a 1976 demo that has long circulated as a bootleg. Days after the show, Van Halen released a video for their classic-sounding new single, "Tattoo," which turned out to be based on the band's 1977 unreleased track "Down in Flames." (The group has a long history of raiding its vaults for new material.)

VH's 45-date arena tour kicks off February 18th. "I told you we were coming back," Roth said during "Hot for Teacher." "Say you missed us!"

Business Booming for the Dead

The band promotes its legacy with movie, video game, merch
By David Browne

GRATEFUL DEAD drummer Mickey Hart admits his band has always been wary of plastering its name or likeness onto products. "People would bring us suggestions for merchandise and we used to run 'em out of town every time," says Hart. "You didn't want to turn the Dead into a knickknack-trinket business."

But, as Hart says, "Times and attitudes have changed." In the coming years, the Dead will be everywhere. A slew of products sporting recognizable Dead logos, from luggage tags to ceramic mugs, will go on sale this year. *Grateful Dead Game—The Epic Tour*, a new video game featuring Dead songs and imagery, will be up and running online in April. And with the band's blessing, the Hollywood talent agency ICM is working on a movie along the lines of Julie Taymor's Beatles-driven *Across the Universe* that will integrate Dead songs (and possibly song characters) into a fictional story. "Who knows what Loose Lucy looks like?" says drummer Bill Kreutzmann. "Anything to get the Dead out there is good."

The band's exhaustive recorded archives won't be ignored, either. In February, archi- [Cont. on 18]

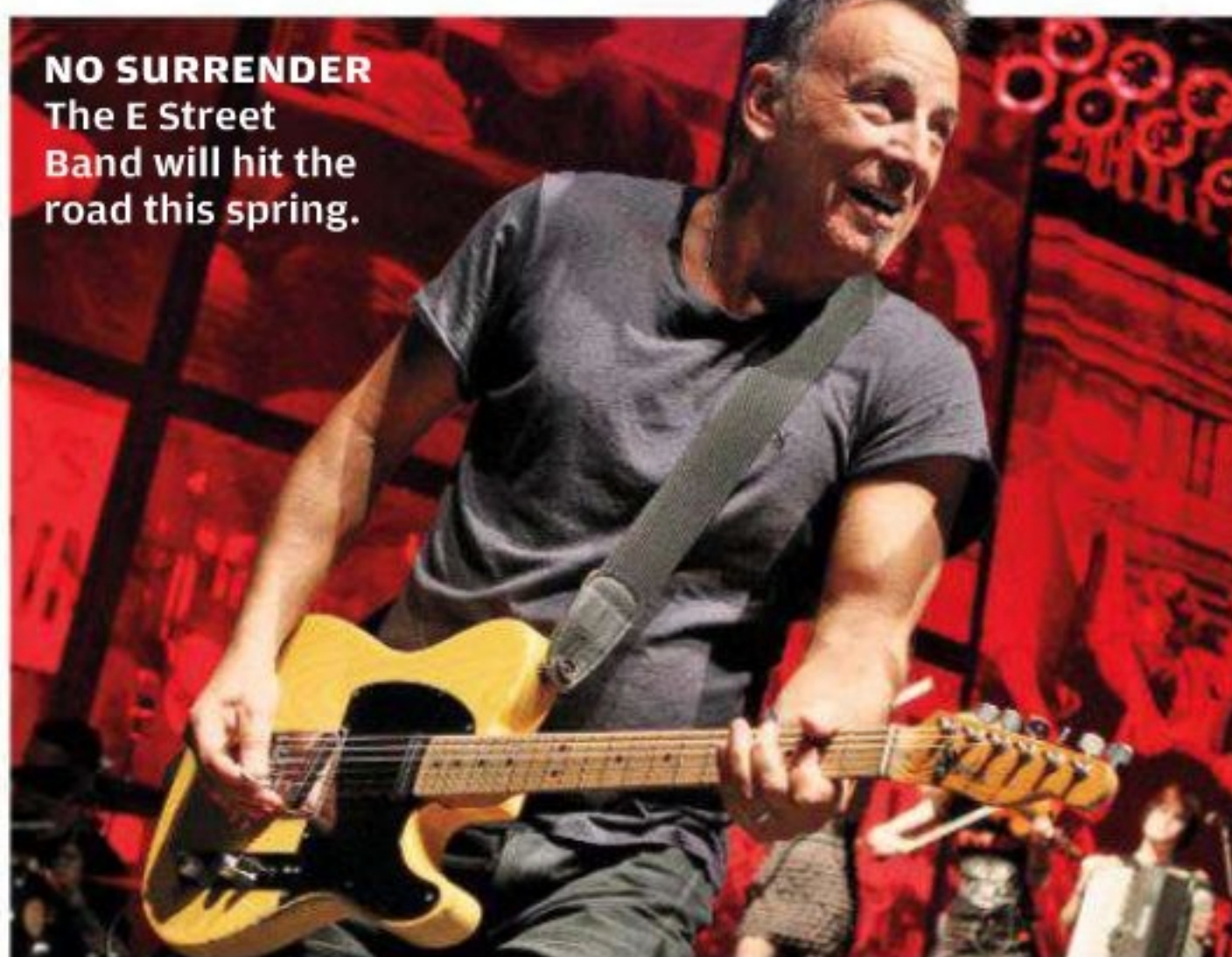
Springsteen Returns With Wild New LP

**Sonically experimental
17th studio album tackles
political, spiritual themes**

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN was poised to announce his 17th studio album and a U.S. tour with the E Street Band at press time. Springsteen's manager Jon Landau tells *ROLLING STONE* that the record is an ambitious "big-picture piece of work. It's a rock record that combines elements of both Bruce's classic sound and his *Seeger Sessions* experience, with new textures and styles." Music was played for Sony recently, according to *The Hollywood Reporter*, whose source described the songs as having "unexpected textures – loops, electronic percussion... influences and rhythms from hip-hop to Irish folk rhythms."

The disc was produced by Ron Aniello, who has previously worked on albums by Candlebox, Jars of Clay and the

NO SURRENDER
The E Street
Band will hit the
road this spring.



last LP by Springsteen's wife, Patti Scialfa. Members of the E Street Band play on the album, along with a variety of outside musicians, including Tom Morello and possibly former Pearl Jam drummer Matt Chamberlain, who has often recorded on Aniello's projects. "It was an experimental effort

with a new producer," says Landau. "Bruce and Ron used a wide variety of players to create something that both rocks and is very fresh."

According to Landau, the record has "social overtones" – although it was largely written before Occupy Wall Street began and doesn't directly ad-

dress the movement. The LP also has a "very pronounced spiritual dimension," adds Landau. "It extends and deepens the vision that has animated all of Bruce's work." According to *The Hollywood Reporter*'s source, "[Bruce] gets into economic justice quite a bit. He feels it's the angriest album he's ever made."

The E Street Band will spend most of 2012 on the road, including spring and fall U.S. runs and a summer European tour. Dates haven't been announced, but concert-business sources tell *ROLLING STONE* the band has arenas booked starting in March, including an Austin show around Springsteen's March 15th keynote address at the South by Southwest festival. One big question is how the group will address last summer's death of saxophonist Clarence Clemons, Springsteen's onstage foil for four decades.

ANDY GREENE

YEAR IN REVIEW

Smash Albums, Huge Tours Boost Ailing Business

**Year-end data show
music biz climbing back
from the brink in 2011**

AFTER A BLEAK 2010, hit albums and tours came back strong in 2011. Adele's smash *21* led the way, selling 5.82 million albums, and pulling overall album sales 1.3 percent higher than in the previous year, according to Nielsen SoundScan – the first increase since 2004. Vinyl sales, while still a small fraction of music sold, surged 36 percent, helping local record stores. (Still, the record industry isn't exactly booming – revenue fell 52 percent between 2000 and 2010.) On the road, the final leg of U2's 360° Tour grossed \$156 million, as ticket revenues rose from \$4.25 billion in 2010 to \$4.35 billion last year, according to *Pollstar*. Some of that growth came from higher prices: The average ticket for a top tour climbed 8.8 percent, from \$62 to \$67.

STEVE KNOPPER

Top 10 Albums

- 1 Adele**
21 5.82 million
- 2 Michael Bublé**
Christmas 2.45 million
- 3 Lady Gaga**
Born This Way 2.1 million
- 4 Lil Wayne**
Tha Carter IV 1.92 million
- 5 Jason Aldean**
My Kinda Party 1.58 million
- 6 Mumford & Sons**
Sigh No More 1.42 million
- 7 Drake**
Take Care 1.25 million
- 8 Justin Bieber**
Under the Mistletoe 1.25 million
- 9 Jay-Z and Kanye West**
Watch the Throne 1.23 million
- 10 Lady Antebellum**
Own the Night 1.2 million

Top 10 Tours

- 1 U2**
156 million
- 2 Taylor Swift**
97.7 million
- 3 Kenny Chesney**
84.6 million
- 4 Lady Gaga**
63.7 million
- 5 Bon Jovi**
57.1 million
- 6 Elton John**
51.8 million
- 7 Sade**
48.6 million
- 8 Jay-Z and Kanye West**
48.3 million
- 9 Lil Wayne**
44.4 million
- 10 New Kids on the Block/Backstreet Boys**
40.7 million

Top 5 Songs

- 1 Adele "Rolling in the Deep"** 5.81 million
- 2 LMFAO "Party Rock Anthem"** 5.47 million
- 3 Katy Perry "E.T."** 4.83 million
- 4 Maroon 5 "Moves Like Jagger"** 4.11 million
- 5 Pitbull "Give Me Everything"** 3.88 million

Top 5 Vinyl Albums

- 1 The Beatles**
Abbey Road 41,000
- 2 Fleet Foxes**
Helplessness Blues 29,700
- 3 Bon Iver**
Bon Iver 27,200
- 4 Mumford & Sons**
Sigh No More 26,800
- 5 Radiohead**
The King of Limbs 20,800

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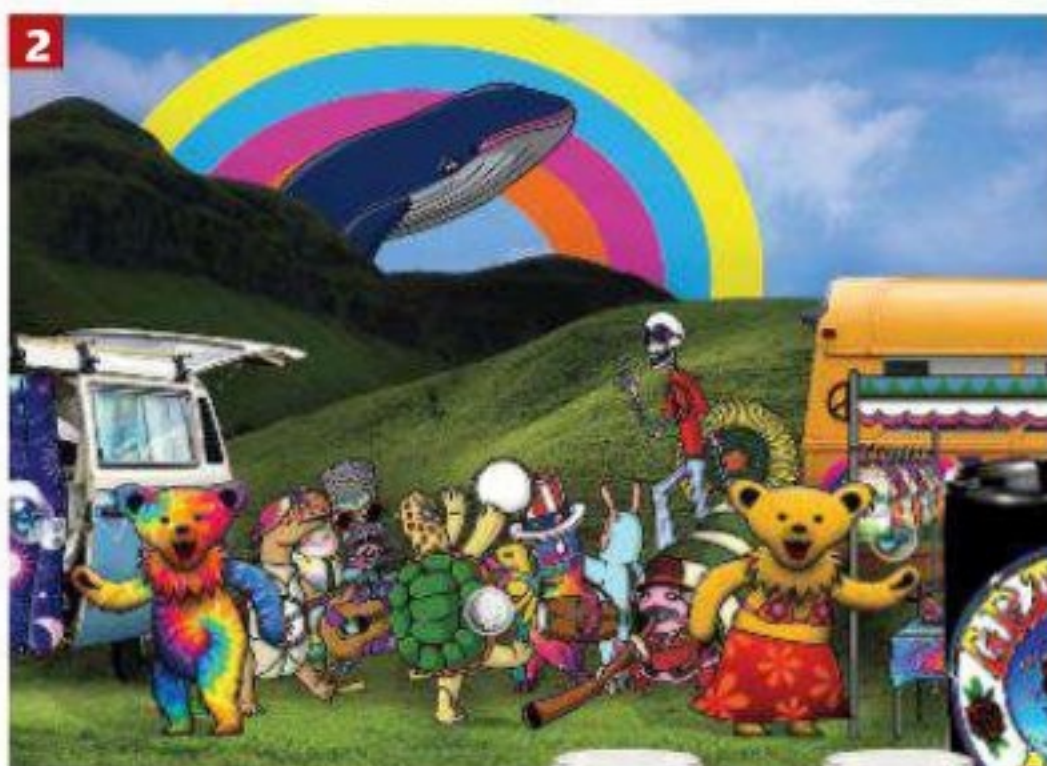
THE GRATEFUL DEAD

[Cont. from 15] vist David Lemieux will roll out *Dave's Picks*, a quarterly CD series of unreleased shows that will pick up where the late tape-head Dick Latvala's *Dick's Picks* left off in 2005 after 36 volumes. A 1977 Virginia show will be followed in the spring by a crystal-clear 1974 gig in Connecticut. And later this year, the band will release a multidisc box set with multiple shows from one tour.

The group's new outlook began when Rhino acquired the Dead's recordings and merchandising business in 2006. At a Marin County, California, hotel in 2010, the four surviving members – Hart, Kreutzmann, Phil Lesh and Bob Weir – met with Mark Pinkus, a long-time Deadhead newly installed as general manager of Rhino's Grateful Dead Properties division. They tested the exec by asking him to sing 1989's relatively obscure "Victim or the Crime." Once he did that, Pinkus says, "It was collectively decided we should be more aggressive. We want people to know that the Grateful Dead are open for business."

In addition to the upcoming line of Dead merchandise, the band licensed its name to a Dead version of Monopoly and a deal with Wines That Rock, a California vineyard that began marketing Steal Your Face red wine last October. "We agreed we shouldn't hold it too tight," says Hart of the Dead's assets. "A key chain isn't the Grateful Dead. But there are memories triggered from these things."

Hart says the potential new revenue played into the band's decision. "It's formidable," he says. "You get pennies here and there, and it all adds up and pays the rent." But another big reason for the new push is the group's desire to introduce its music to 15- to 24-year-olds who never got to see the Dead with Jerry Garcia. Hence Dead skateboards, lunchboxes and



Back From the Dead

Long wary of licensing, the Grateful Dead – here in the 1970s (1) – have recently authorized projects including an online game (2) and glassware (3) to introduce their music to a younger generation of fans.

the ICM-backed Dead movie. While the film has no script, stars or director yet, ICM agent Bruce Kaufman (who was also behind *Across the Universe*) intends for the final product to speak to young fans. "The Dead's story is every teenager's story," he says. "It's about leaving home and being rebellious." That project alone could

"Anything to get the Dead out there is good," says Bill Kreutzmann.

be a huge windfall: The Beatles were paid between \$18 million and \$25 million for use of their songs in *Across the Universe*.

The *Epic Tour* game – currently online in a preview version at GratefulDeadGame.com – lets players register as dancing bears and, until late February, vote on the top Dead shows of all time. When the game is fully designed, players will be able to "travel" from one

show to another, and hang out at re-creations of the fabled Shakedown

Street parking-lot vending areas. The game will feature music from the band's vaults – executive producer Adam Blumenthal says the ethos will be very Dead. "Players will build gardens or give miracles to one another," he says. "We really want the game to not be competitive, but to explore the cooperative experience."

Two other, non-Dead-sanctioned movies are also in the works. Veteran documentary filmmaker Malcolm Leo is planning a Garcia doc built around largely unseen interviews from 1987, and longtime ROLLING STONE contributor Robert Greenfield's Garcia oral history, *Dark Star*, is the basis for a biopic about the singer's early, pre-Dead years.

The long-term plan is ensuring that the Dead's long, strange trip continues far into the future. With about 1,500 Dead shows still in the vaults, Lemieux says *Dave's Picks* could be around "for 30 or 40 years." Says Rhino's Pinkus, "Every generation discovers the Beatles and Pink Floyd, and every generation should discover the Grateful Dead. It's our responsibility to make sure they do."

IN THE NEWS

Black Keys, Radiohead, Dre top Coachella bill

The Keys, Radiohead, Dr. Dre and **Snoop Dogg** will headline the 13th annual Coachella Valley Music and Arts Festival – taking place in Indio, California, over two weekends in April. (Each weekend has the same



lineup.) Recently reunited acts booked for the fest include Brit-pop pioneers **Pulp**, Texas psych-rockers **At the Drive-In**, Swedish hardcore crew **Refused** and California dream-pop duo **Mazzy Star**.

Sabbath guitarist Tony Iommi fights lymphoma

Black Sabbath guitarist Iommi has been diagnosed with early-stage lymphoma, just weeks after the band announced plans for a 2012 reunion tour and its first LP in 33 years. "It's not what I wanted for Christmas, that's for sure, but now I can't wait for the test results to come in and get going with the treatment," wrote Iommi on his website. Added his bandmates, "The



'Iron Man' of Rock and Roll remains upbeat and determined to make a full and successful recovery." Iommi's diagnosis reportedly forced Sabbath to cancel a planned headlining slot at Coachella. The band has also relocated the studio sessions for its new album from Los Angeles to the U.K. in order to be close to Iommi's home. The tour is still slated to start on May 18th in Moscow.

Chilis postpone tour due to Kiedis foot injury

The Red Hot Chili Peppers have postponed their U.S. tour, which was set to launch on January 20th, so that frontman Anthony Kiedis can recover from multiple foot injuries. The frontman "recently underwent surgery to remove



a crushed sesamoid bone and correct a detached flexor tendon in his foot," said the band. Kiedis is expected to fully recover in time for the rescheduled trek, which kicks off March 29th in Tampa, Florida. The Chilis will also be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame on April 14th.

Dusty, Dolly Inspire Best Coast Follow-Up

Indie-pop duo team with producer Jon Brion for dark, glossy new record

EVERYONE SAYS YOUR second album is the most difficult," says Best Coast leader Bethany Cosentino, relaxing between takes in Los Angeles' Capitol Studio B. "Three years ago, I dropped out of college and lived with my mom – now I'm making an album where Frank Sinatra recorded. But a lot of stress comes from being successful."

The California indie-pop duo – the other half is multi-instrumentalist Bobb Bruno – toured nearly nonstop for two years behind their 2010 breakthrough, the fuzzed-out girl-group blast *Crazy for You*. One wild leg was a run of shows with Wavves, the punk act led by Cosentino's longtime boyfriend, Nathan Williams. "Touring with your boyfriend is crazy," she says with a laugh, swigging Jim Beam from a coffee mug. "Not sleeping, not taking care of yourself, eating fast food, drinking a lot."

All that time away from home took an emotional toll – which you can hear all over the follow-up the duo are recording, due this spring. "It's a pretty emo record – very personal," Cosentino says. "People who've heard it say, 'Whoa, you sound



WALL OF SOUND
Cosentino
recording in L.A.'s
Capitol Studio B

pretty bummed out.' To be honest, I was."

Best Coast began recording last December with Fiona Apple and Kanye West producer Jon Brion, who equipped them with vintage analog gear – and took full advantage of the studio's Les Paul-designed reverb chambers. "Capitol is where all the great Beach Boys records were made," Brion says. "They might as well use that same amazing reverb."

The producer also helped them upgrade from *Crazy for You*'s low-fi sound. "When we first started, I'd drench everything in distortion and reverb – I didn't want people to hear my voice," Cosentino says. "For

this album, I was inspired by Loretta Lynn, Dusty Springfield, Dolly Parton, Stevie Nicks. I wanted people to be like, 'Damn, this girl can sing!'"

Highlights range from "The Only Place," a passionate ode to West Coast living, to "Don't Fool Yourself," Best Coast's first-ever piano ballad. Cosentino

turns in a yearning, Patsy Cline-ish vocal on the lush "No One Like You": "If I sleep on the floor/Will it make you love me more?"

"Every time I listen to it, I cry," Cosentino says. "Music is therapy to me – I wrote these songs because I've got to get it all out somehow." **MATT DIEHL**

STUDIO NOTES

■ **U2** are staying busy in 2012: "We're working on three albums at the moment," said Bono. That includes *Songs of Ascent*, the set the band started recording during sessions for 2009's *No Line on the Horizon*. Added Bono, "It has a kind of beautiful intimacy."

■ **Andrew Bird** cut his warm, ragged new LP, *Break It Yourself* (out March 6th), in a converted barn on his family's Illinois farm. "We recorded it with all of us in one room," the singer-songwriter says. "There's hardly an overdub on the whole thing."

Bonnie Raitt Tackles Occupy, Personal Tragedy

Dylan covers, wild solos on first LP for singer-guitarist's own label

BY THE TIME BONNIE Raitt entered producer Joe Henry's studio in late 2010, she'd been through what she calls "a heavy time." Her parents had passed away in quick succession, and she took a long break from music to help care for her brother Steve, who died of brain cancer in April 2009. "I hadn't had time to process it all," she says. "I wanted to get off that treadmill."

To ease her way back into music, she took up Henry's offer to record at his basement stu-



Raitt

dio in South Pasadena, California. Working with top-tier players such as guitarist Bill Frisell, they quickly cut four of the tunes – including killer, bluesy takes on Bob Dylan's

"Million Miles" and "Standing in the Doorway" – for *Slipstream*, Raitt's first album since 2005 (due April 10th). "The sessions were so inspiring that I fell back in love with music and got my appetite for it back again," she says. "It was healing."

"Her voice has lost none of its power," Henry adds. "But it has extra smoke and nuance and life experience in there."

Raitt recorded the other eight songs on *Slipstream* with her longtime touring band, including a reggae-tinged cover of Gerry Rafferty's "Right Down the Line" and a funk-up spin on Randall Bramblett's "Used to Rule the World." "To me, that

song is about the Occupy movement," Raitt says of the latter. "It's about the kind of hubris America has had, as if there are no consequences."

Raitt, who parted ways with Capitol in 2006, will release the album on her newly formed Redwing Records. "I've been wanting to do my own label for a long time," she says. One key benefit of recording without a major label? More of Raitt's trademark slide guitar. "We let the guitar jams go," she says. "That's something I haven't really done in the past. We left in the solos we would have normally cut out for singles. We just went for it." **DAVID BROWNE**

Inside the Biggest, Most Star-Packed Dylan Cover Set Ever

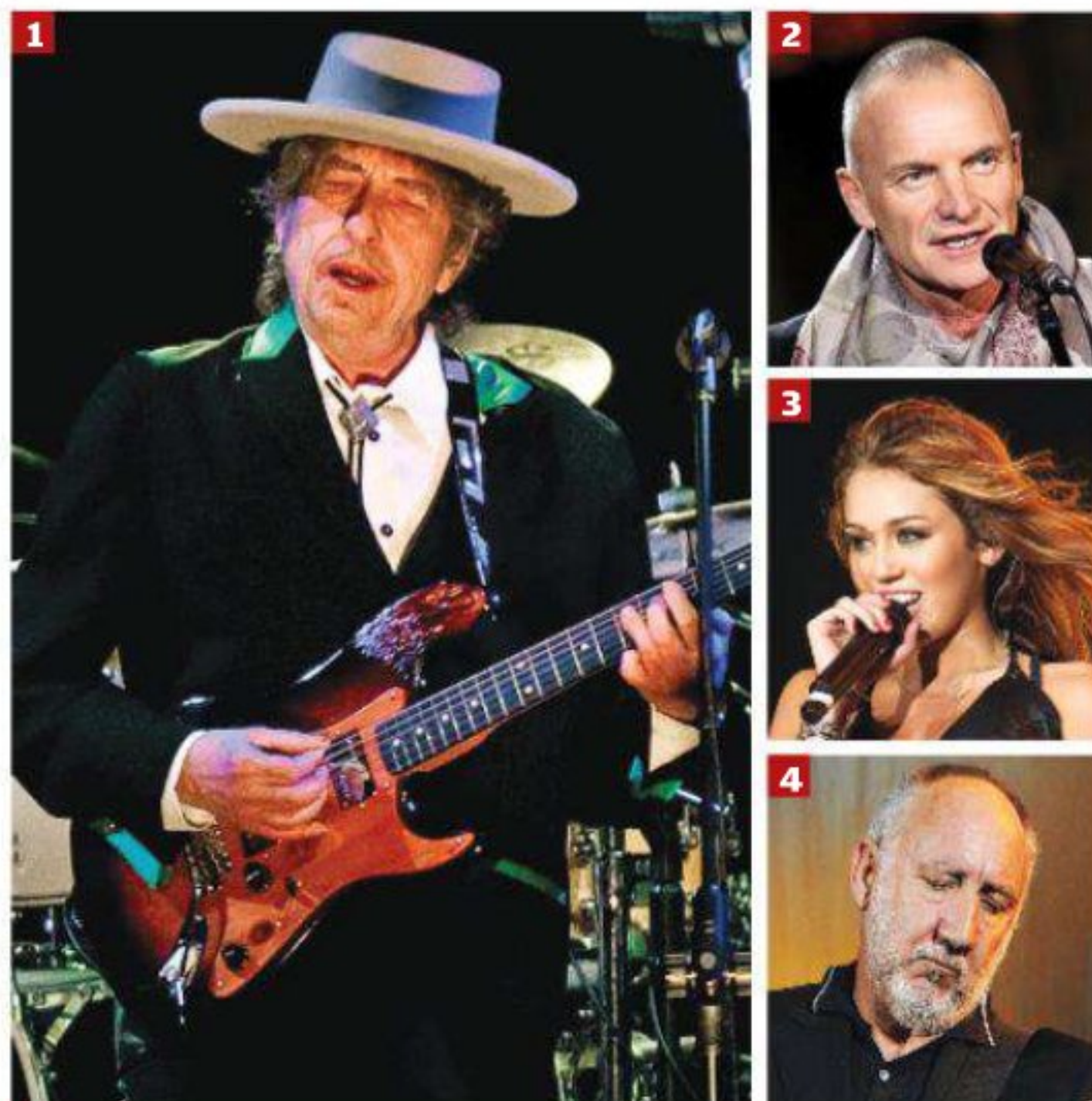
From Pete Townshend to Miley, 80-plus acts tackle Dylan for charity box set

IN 2010, DURING A TIME of personal turmoil, Miley Cyrus started listening to Bob Dylan constantly. "The songs all spoke to me in different ways," she says. "But there was something about 'You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go' that was just so sad and really spoke to me at that time. My world was upside down, and Bob Dylan brought me peace."

Cyrus' stripped, acoustic version of the 1975 classic is one of many surprising moments on *Chimes of Freedom: The Songs of Bob Dylan Honoring 50 Years of Amnesty International*, a four-disc charity set featuring more than 80 artists including Adele, Ke\$ha, Elvis Costello, Sting and Pete Townshend. The human rights organization has a long history with rock: Since Townshend played the Secret Policemen's Ball benefit in 1979, acts including U2, Sting, Eric Clapton and Bruce Springsteen have all played for Amnesty. Jeff Ayeroff, former chairman of Virgin and Warner Bros. Records, co-produced the set after working on 2007's John Lennon tribute *Instant Karma: The Amnesty International Campaign to Save Darfur*. "But Dylan," says Ayeroff, "was the holy grail for me."

In a rare move, Dylan's camp immediately agreed to donate publishing rights for more than 400 songs to the project. Starting last year, Ayeroff recruited friends including Lenny Kravitz, Jackson Browne and Joan Baez, with most artists financing their own sessions.

Ke\$ha departs from dance pop with a moving, mostly a cappella "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," and Kravitz nails a rowdy "Rainy Day Women #12 & 35," which he recorded in the Bahamas with a local brass band that had never even heard of Dylan. "That was beautiful in a sense," Kravitz says. "Their instruments were missing keys



Another Side of Bob Dylan

Dylan (1) authorized more than 70 covers for Amnesty - including Sting (2) on "Girl From the North Country," Miley Cyrus (3) on "You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go" and Pete Townshend (4) on "Corrina, Corrina."

and taped up, and they had very limited musical education, but they had amazing feel and spirit." Joe Perry turns the *Infidels* rarity "Man of Peace" into a slide-guitar blues stomp, cut in his Massachusetts basement. "It's always been one of my favorites," says the guitarist.

"I think that's a measure of his gift," Joan Baez says of the eclectic roster.

"Dylan's genius is the way he twists the words. You go, 'God, all those words are in my vocabulary - how come I didn't think of that?'"

Townshend delivers a subtle, vulnerable performance of "Corrina, Corrina." "I want it to be a symbol of a person alone in a cell somewhere, a victim of an oppressive regime," he says. "They could be in Guantanamo, so not just foreign regimes, but also our own regimes."

The most surreal moment might be the Avett Brothers'

posthumous collaboration with Johnny Cash on "One Too Many Mornings." Working with producer Rick Rubin, the band recorded new guitar, banjo and vocal tracks over Dylan and Cash's 1969 Nashville duet. "We love the song, and all we could do is try to help it," says singer Scott Avett. "I suppose it could be offensive to some people. But I don't think us and Rick see it that way. Folk is so similar to hip-hop - you can twist it and tamper with it."

Perhaps no one has more experience covering Dylan than Baez, who contributed a haunting take on "Seven Curses," an adaptation of an 18th-century English ballad that Dylan hasn't performed since 1963. "It was a natural because most people don't know it, and it wasn't something other artists would be fighting over," she says, adding that the album's eclectic roster of cover artists "is a measure of his gift." So did Baez have any contact with her old friend on the project? "No," she says with a laugh. "Don't be silly."

PATRICK DOYLE

IN THE NEWS

Beyoncé and Jay-Z welcome baby girl

Beyoncé and Jay-Z are officially new parents, after the singer gave birth to Blue Ivy Carter on January 7th in New York. It's the first child for the couple, who wed in 2008. "We are in heaven," they said in a statement. "She was delivered naturally at a healthy seven pounds, and it was the best experience of both of our lives."



Beyoncé

Patti Smith writes song about Winehouse for LP

Smith's next album, due later this year, will include a song about the late **Amy Winehouse**. "The little song for Amy just blossomed in the studio," Smith recently said. "I wrote Amy a little poem when she died, and my bass player, **Tony Shanahan**, wrote a piece of music - and the two matched perfectly."

Elton John, Lil Wayne penning new memoirs

Due in July, *Love Is the Cure: Ending the Global AIDS*



John

Epidemic will benefit John's AIDS Foundation and detail his experience with the disease, including his friendship with **Freddie Mercury**. John also confirmed that his musical biopic is "very much in the works," citing **Justin Timberlake** as his first choice to play him onscreen. "It's going to be a surreal look at my life... in the manner of a *Moulin Rouge*!" In other news, Lil Wayne is writing a memoir, *Gone Till November*, about the eight-month prison sentence he served at Rikers Island for a gun conviction in 2010. The book, based on diaries that Wayne kept in jail, will hit shelves in November.

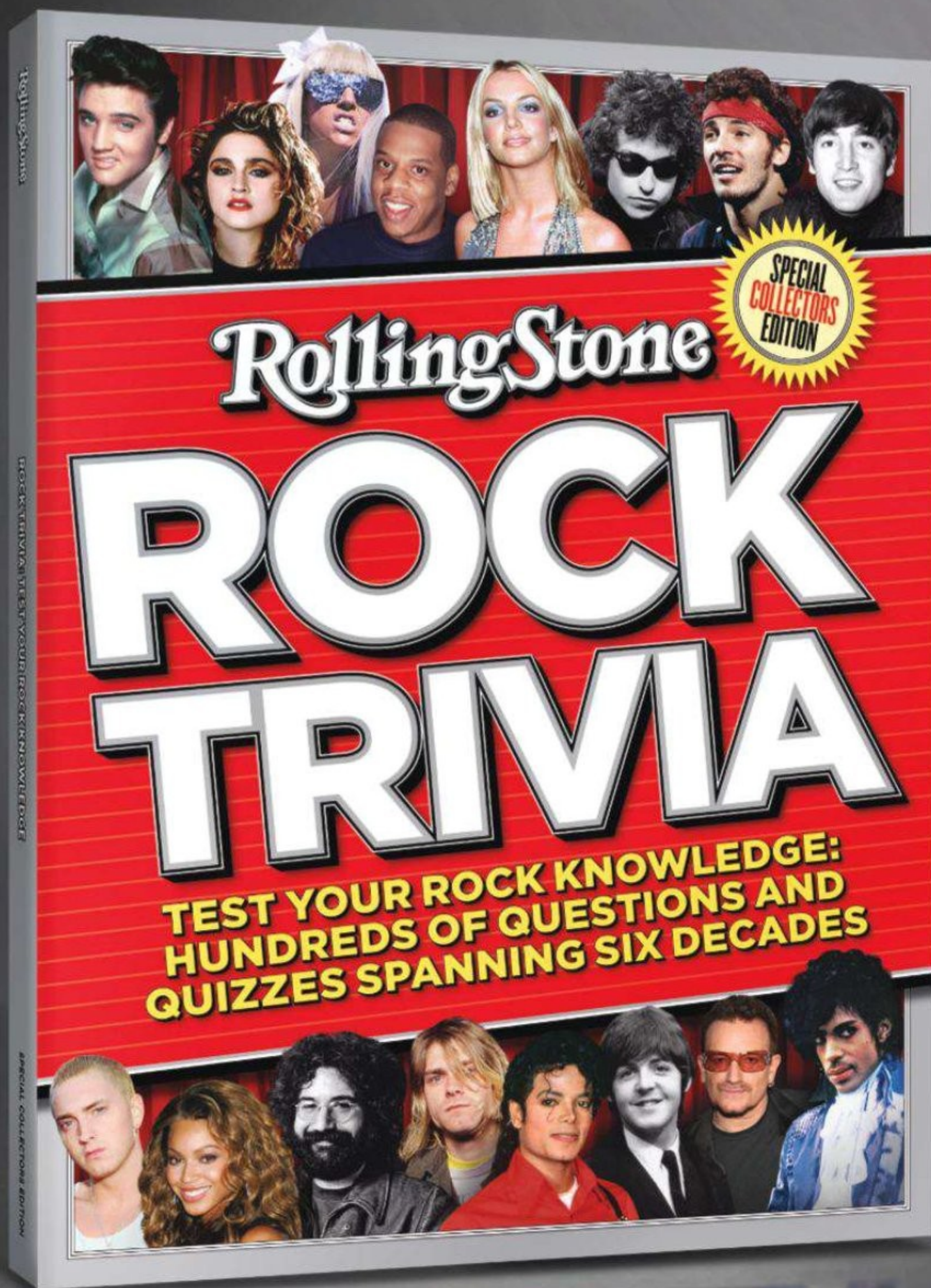
Katy Perry to divorce; Franklin, Tyler engaged

Russell Brand filed to end his 14-month marriage with Perry on December 30th - the



Perry

same week that **Zoey Deschanel** and **Ben Gibbard**, who had been married for two years, made their split official. In happier news, **Steven Tyler** is engaged to girlfriend Erin Brady, while **Aretha Franklin** is set to wed longtime friend William Wilkerson.



ON NEWSSTANDS NOW

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Youssou N'Dour Runs for Senegal President

Why the world-music superstar and activist has entered the race

WORLD-MUSIC superstar Youssou N'Dour announced in early January that he would be running for president of Senegal. "Men and women have demonstrated their optimism, dreaming of a new Senegal," he said in a televised announcement. "They have in various ways called for my candidacy in the February presidential race."

"This is no novelty," says N'Dour's lawyer and adviser Thomas Rome. "He's had meetings with world leaders. He's worked with Bono at the G8 summit. He's sung about corruption and government excess for years. Now he can do something about it."

In the 1970s, N'Dour's band Étoile de Dakar popu-

larized the new pop sound of mbalax, which fused Senegalese rhythms with Latin horns. His reputation grew worldwide after he duetted with Peter Gabriel on "In Your Eyes" and joined the 1988 Human Rights Now! Tour with Gabriel, Bruce Springsteen, Sting and Tracy Chapman. "He's a reluctant politician," Gabriel said recently. "He never had political ambitions when I was working with him. He has great heart and an absolutely pure passion for his country, and I hope that will carry him a long way."

Senegal has long been a stronghold of democracy in Africa. But the country was rocked last summer by riots after its president, Abdoulaye Wade, announced he would run for an unconstitutional third term. "The riots were the real straw that broke the camel's back for Youssou," says

The 52-year-old singer has suspended his music career for politics.



"This is no novelty," says a longtime adviser. "He's worked with Bono at the G8 summit."

Rome. "He saw that his country's political stability and social cohesion were in danger like never before."

N'Dour faces several challenges: The February 26th election pits him against around 20 other candidates, and he has significant media holdings – TV and radio stations and a

daily newspaper – which he's said he'll recuse himself from. "He's an entrepreneur who is also an artist," says Mamadou Diouf, director of the Institute for African Studies at Columbia University. "But he's learned how to translate an artist's sensitivity into social engagement." **DAVID BROWNE**

JEMAL COUNTESS/WIREIMAGE

A treat for your sweet tooth. Or your chocolate, caramel



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Muscle Shoals Revival: Alabama Shakes Take Off

Soulful young crew channels Aretha, Janis, Otis on wild debut EP

IN THE LIVING ROOM OF the small white house that Alabama Shakes guitarist Heath Fogg and bassist Zac Cockrell call home in Madison, Alabama, singer Brittany Howard sits picking at an acoustic guitar. Morning thunderstorms have knocked out the power all along this unglamorous stretch of U.S. 72. If you follow the highway west, it runs through Athens – the small town where Howard, Fogg, Cockrell and drummer Steve Johnson grew up – and then on to Muscle Shoals, where Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin and Lynyrd Skynyrd cut classic albums.

On their four-song debut EP, Alabama Shakes tap deep into that well of Southern rock and soul with a passion that has attracted high-profile admirers including Adele, David



WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN'
Fogg, Cockrell, Howard and Johnson (from left) in Athens, Alabama

Byrne and Booker T. Jones. But for Howard, the 50 miles from Athens to the Shoals took a long time to travel. "My first band, when I was 13, played punk rock," says the singer, now 23, whose friends were more into Usher and TLC. "I was always pegged as the weird kid."

She started writing songs at age four with her older sister, who died of a brain tumor in 1998. "After she passed away, I didn't have anybody to do that with," Howard says. "But I found her guitar, started playing and never really stopped."

Howard met Cockrell after spying him in the hallway of

their high school wearing an At the Drive-In T-shirt. The pair met Johnson through the local punk scene ("I had a punk band, he had a punk band," says Howard, "and that was the circuit") and recruited Fogg from a classic-rock cover act.

Onstage, blasting through tunes like the euphoric, gospel-tinged "I Found You," the slow-burning "You Ain't Alone" and the sunny Motown groove "Hold On," Howard belts like a garage-rock Janis Joplin over the band's sturdy, high-energy choogling. New fans are converted at every gig – including the Drive-By Truckers' Patterson Hood, who was so impressed after catching a raw in-store set last summer that he invited the group to open for a run of Truckers shows.

"They were incredible – it was almost Springsteen-ian," says Hood. "If they don't fuck up and take a wrong turn, I can't imagine how good they could be."

DAVID PEISNER

or nougat tooth.

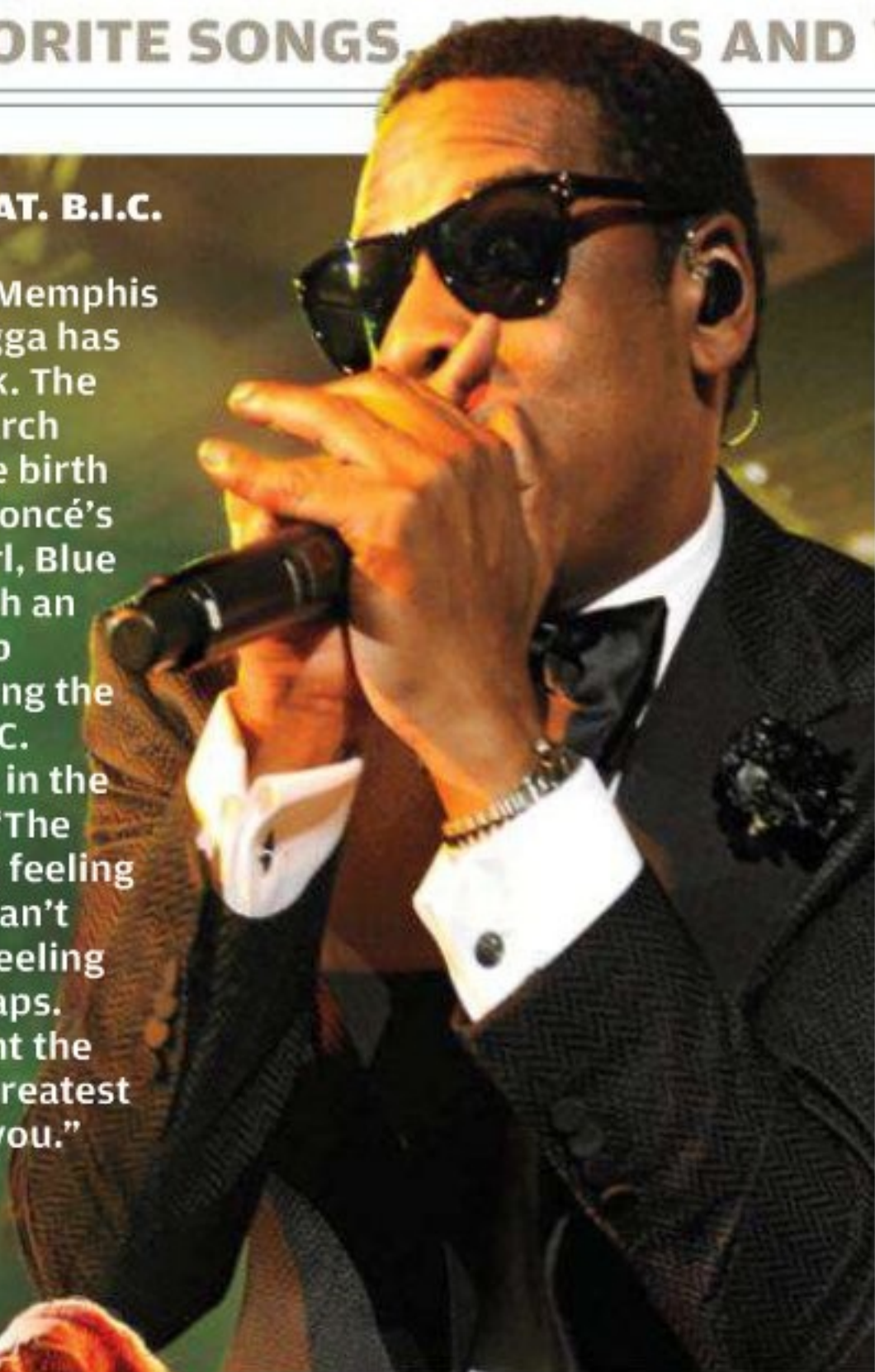


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RS PLAYLIST

OUR FAVORITE SONGS, ALBUMS AND VIDEOS RIGHT NOW

1 JAY-Z FEAT. B.I.C.
"Glory"
Get lost, Memphis Bleek: Jigga has a new sidekick. The hip-hop monarch celebrated the birth of his and Beyoncé's brand-new girl, Blue Ivy Carter, with an ultrasweet rap lullaby featuring the Notorious B.I.C. herself crying in the background. "The most amazing feeling I feel/Words can't describe the feeling for real," he raps. "Baby, I'll paint the sky blue/My greatest creation was you." Awwwww!



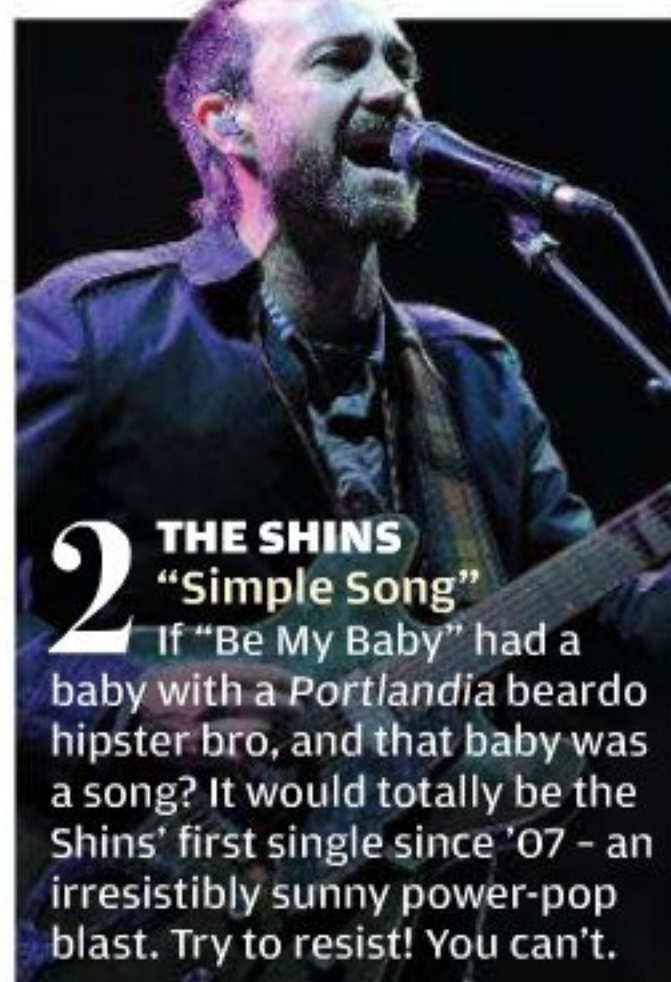
4 MY MORNING JACKET
"The Bottle" live
The Jacket's recent gig headlining Madison Square Garden peaked with a silky, powerful, brass- and flute-laced cover of Gil Scott-Heron's 1974 classic - captured for the ages in this must-see YouTube clip. R.I.P., Gil.

6 RICK ROSS
"Rich Forever"
Boss-to-Boss shout-out alert! "Corvette so clean, you'd think Bruce Springsteen rid' that," Ross spits on "Fuck Em" - just one of the many delights the heavyweight MC offers on his heavy-hitting, guest-packed new mixtape.



7 JUSTIN TOWNES EARLE
"Nothing's Gonna Change the Way You Feel About Me Now"
This bruised, Bright Eyes-y tune makes it clear that JT has more than a little of dad Steve's skill at spinning haunting heartbreak into song. Heavy-duty.

8 SKRILLEX
"Bangarang"
How the fuck does he make those SKREEWERP-PZZZZBLAAAW noises? GarageBand? America's dubstep don steps away from the Dark Side on this fizzy, party-ready single. (It will still probably scare your parents, though.)



2 THE SHINS
"Simple Song"
If "Be My Baby" had a baby with a Portlandia beardo hipster bro, and that baby was a song? It would totally be the Shins' first single since '07 - an irresistibly sunny power-pop blast. Try to resist! You can't.

3 THE MAGNETIC FIELDS
"Andrew in Drag"
Thank Gaia! After experiments with acoustic and fuzz-rock LPs, Magnetic Fields synth-pop mastermind Stephin Merritt plugged his low-fi electronics back in for this hyperwitty, megalovely 69 Love Songs-style bauble.

5 JACKSON BROWNE
"Love Minus Zero/No Limit"
Surprising! Ke\$ha's way-decent cover on the new Dylan tribute set. Less surprising! JB totally kills it with his bittersweet, organ-fueled version of the 1965 stunner. Unsurprising! Waka Flocka Flame was not invited to participate.



IN THE NEWS

Snoop Dogg busted for weed in Texas

The rapper was arrested on January 7th at a checkpoint in Sierra Blanca, Texas (the same town where Willie Nelson was busted for marijuana possession in 2010), after border-patrol agents found several joints in a trash can on his tour bus. He was charged with misdemeanor possession and released pending a follow-up court date. If convicted, Snoop faces up to 180 days in jail. It's the sixth marijuana-related arrest for the MC, who has a medical prescription for the drug in the state of California.



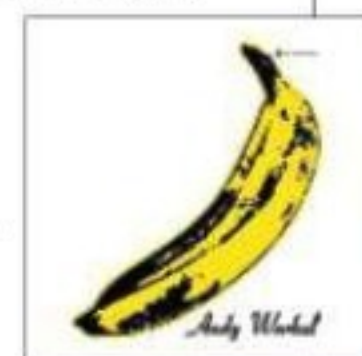
Snoop

LCD Soundsystem, Simon docs hit Sundance

Two major music documentaries were set to premiere at the Sundance Film Festival, which kicks off January 19th. *Shut Up and Play the Hits* follows LCD Soundsystem in the days leading up to their farewell show at Madison Square Garden last April, and *Under African Skies* revisits the making of Paul Simon's *Graceland* LP in honor of its 25th anniversary. (A *Graceland* box set and tour are due later this year.) Both movies are expected to see a wider release.

Velvet Underground sue Warhol Foundation

Lou Reed and John Cale have filed a lawsuit against the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, alleging the organization illegally licensed the iconic Warhol-designed cover of the band's 1967 debut for merchandise, including iPad cases. The suit reads, "The Banana design became a symbol, truly an icon, of the Velvet Underground."



Van Zandt to star in first Netflix series

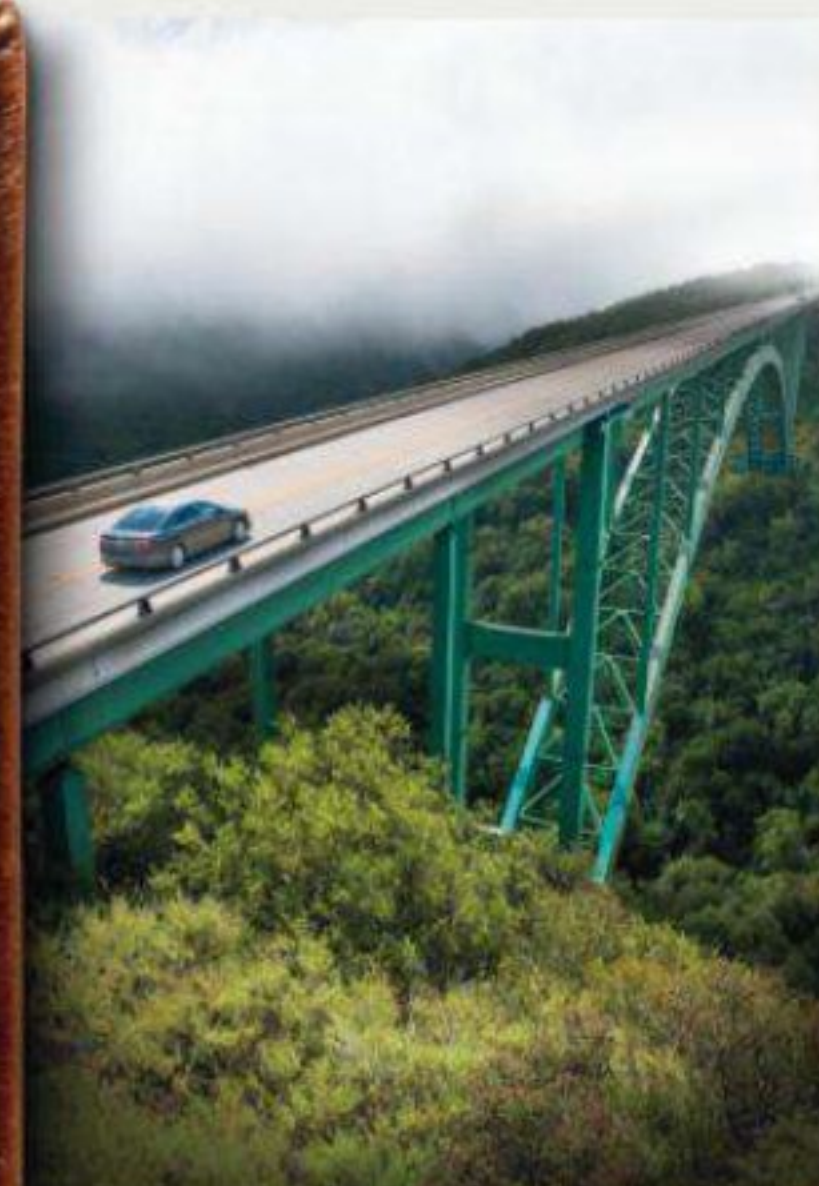
E Street Band guitarist Steve Van Zandt - who played Silvio on *The Sopranos* - will star in Netflix's *Lilyhammer*, the company's first foray into original programming. The plot centers around a former New York gangster who moves to Norway through a witness-protection program. "He's forced to try and fit into that society," said Van Zandt. "This is the ultimate fish out of water." The show debuts on February 6th.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE; C. FLANIGAN/WIREIMAGE; JEFF KRAVITZ/FILMMAGIC; NO CREDIT; CHELSEA LAUREN/WIREIMAGE; OWEN SWEENEY/REX USA; ANNA WEBBER/WIREIMAGE

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BLACK. NO SUGAR. NO WHIP.
NO FOAM. HOLD THE ICE CREAM
AND THE CUTE NAMES. ARE YOU?

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IT'S READY. ARE YOU?



Prototype shown with optional equipment. Production model may vary. 1. Voice-activation for all Entune™ apps available spring 2012. 2. Be sure to obey traffic regulations and maintain awareness of road and traffic conditions. Select Entune™ apps use a large amount of data and you are responsible for all data charges. Apps and services vary by phone and carrier. Not all apps and data services are available initially. Apps identified by "TM" or "®" are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective companies and cannot be used without permission. See toyota.com/entune for the latest information regarding apps and services. 3. Entune™ available on SE, XLE and Hybrid XLE models only. ©2011 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

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 **TOYOTA**
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Flea

On becoming a Hall of Famer, collecting rare books, and three decades of nonstop funk

By Austin Scaggs

NEXT YEAR, THE CHILI Peppers will turn 30 – but they’re celebrating a little early: On March 29th, they kick off a 25-city U.S. arena run in support of their 10th LP, *I’m With You* – their first with new guitarist Josh Klinghoffer. (The tour was postponed from January due to singer Anthony Kiedis’ foot injury.) And on April 14th, bassist Flea, Kiedis and drummer Chad Smith will hit Cleveland to join the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. “I’m excited,” says Flea, checking in before a show in Barcelona. “It’s going to be a really cool, special night.” After that, the band will get back to rocking stadiums on a summer tour of Europe. “It took us a while to get solid with Josh – there’s so much improvisation in our band that it’s like establishing a new vernacular,” says Flea. “But we’re fucking on fire, man!”

You’re a maniac onstage. How will you come down after tonight’s show?

I have my rituals. After I walk offstage, I’ll go to the dressing room and meditate. Then I’ll eat, go to back to my hotel and go on a 3 a.m. hourlong walk through Barcelona. Then I hit the hay. I used to panic on tour, lose it and fall apart and crumble, but now I have it down to a science.

How’d you find out about the Hall of Fame induction?

I got a text from Chad saying, “Congratulations.” As the days have gone by, it feels more and more beautiful. Yesterday I was talking to [former drummer] Jack Irons, who sat next to me in sixth grade and will go in with us as a founding member. And I think about [former guitarist] John Frusciante and everything he gave us, and our old manager, Lindy Getz, who drove the van all night when we were sleeping in shitty motels. I never reflect on anything, but it’s really emotional.

Anthony said the most emotional part was remembering your late guitarist Hillel Slovak, who died in 1988.

I never would’ve played bass if not for Hillel. I was a jazz trumpet player, and he said, “Dude! You should learn how to play bass and be in my band.” Two weeks later, we were onstage at the Troubadour. Anthony, Hillel and I raised each other, and they schooled me on Zeppelin and Hendrix. Hillel really loved rock & roll. He lived for it, so going into the Hall would have been a dream. To share this moment with him in the spirit world is sad and tragic, but also beautiful.

The induction is also a testament to your enduring partnership with Anthony.

We have inspired each other and competed with each other and loved each other over the years. He probably doesn’t remember this, but one time when we were 15, I had these goofy clothes on that my mom bought me at Sears, and I said to Anthony, “Do I look cool?” He said, “Yeah – but anyone could wear that. You’re a unique person. You should wear shit that feels like something that only you wear.” It might sound small, but that moment informed me as a musician. I needed to do what felt beautiful to me.

I’ve heard you collect books. What kind of stuff?

Since I was seven, as soon as I finished one I’d pick up the next – book after book, nonstop. I have lots of books. As far as first editions, my heavy hitters are William Burroughs’ *Junky*, Brontë’s *Jane Eyre* and Salinger’s *The Catcher in the Rye*.


When did you get that tattoo of Jimi Hendrix on your left bicep?

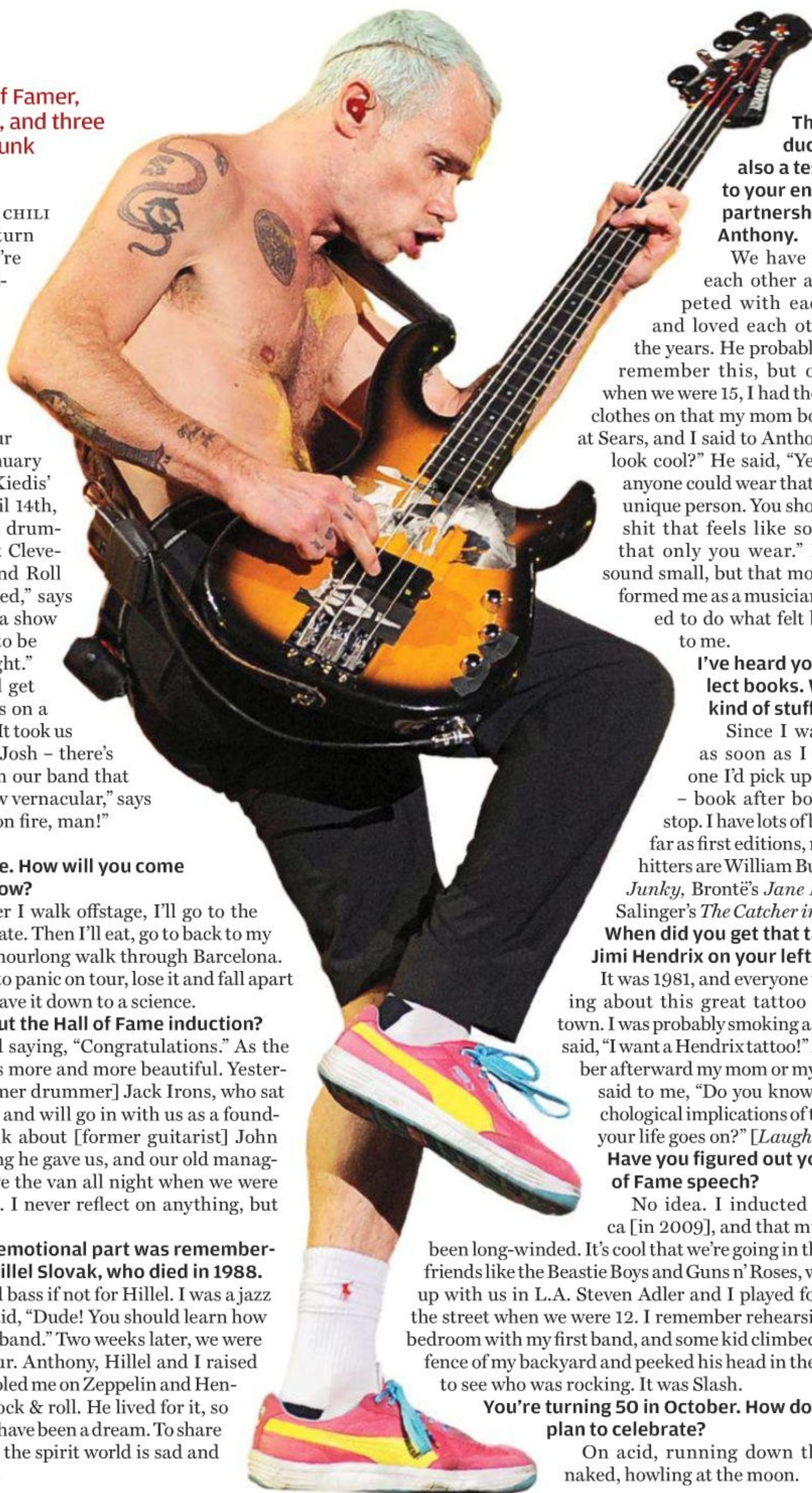
It was 1981, and everyone was talking about this great tattoo artist in town. I was probably smoking a joint and said, “I want a Hendrix tattoo!” I remember afterward my mom or my stepdad said to me, “Do you know the psychological implications of tattoos as your life goes on?” [Laughs]

Have you figured out your Hall of Fame speech?

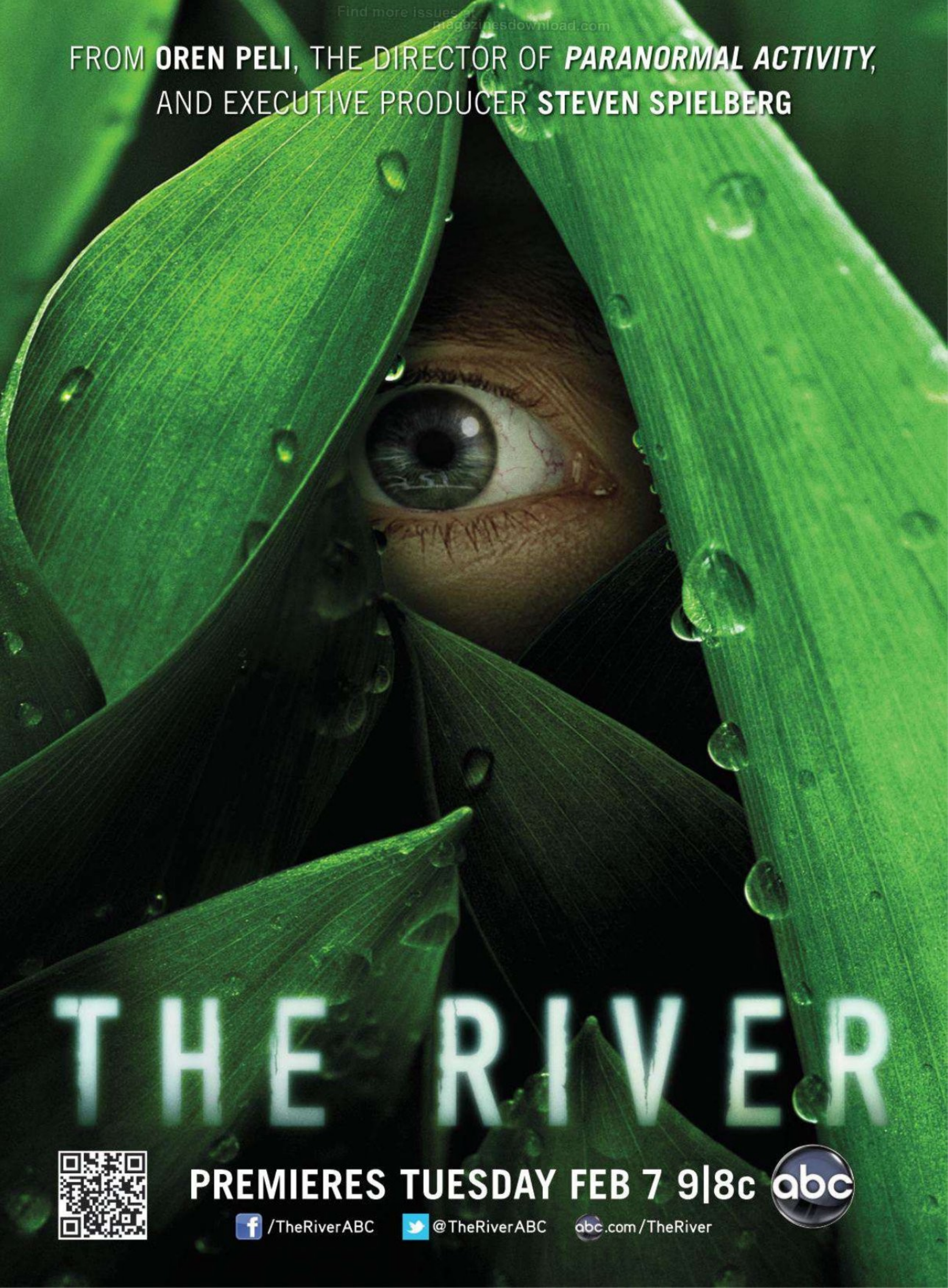
No idea. I inducted Metallica [in 2009], and that might have been long-winded. It’s cool that we’re going in there with friends like the Beastie Boys and Guns n’ Roses, who came up with us in L.A. Steven Adler and I played football in the street when we were 12. I remember rehearsing in my bedroom with my first band, and some kid climbed over the fence of my backyard and peeked his head in the window to see who was rocking. It was Slash.

You’re turning 50 in October. How do you plan to celebrate?

On acid, running down the street naked, howling at the moon. 



FROM **OREN PELI**, THE DIRECTOR OF *PARANORMAL ACTIVITY*,
AND EXECUTIVE PRODUCER **STEVEN SPIELBERG**



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CLASSIC COOLER

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PLAY LIST

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"I'm into love. Maybe I'll get more into making love when I'm older." —Justin Bieber

Random Notes



MILEY FIVE-O
Self-described stoner Miley Cyrus proved that she doesn't get the munchies, showing off her slim beach bod in Hawaii.



CHASING GATORS Adele and her new beau cruised for crocs in Florida.

Winter Wonderland

As you spent the holidays with your drunk uncle watching college football, your favorite stars surfed, skied and sunned. Adele and her husky Brit boy toy Simon Konecki took an alt-vacation airboating in the Everglades; elsewhere, a Chili Pepper soaked, Madonna played ski mum with her daughter Lourdes, and Miley Cyrus was smokin' in Hawaii. Party on!



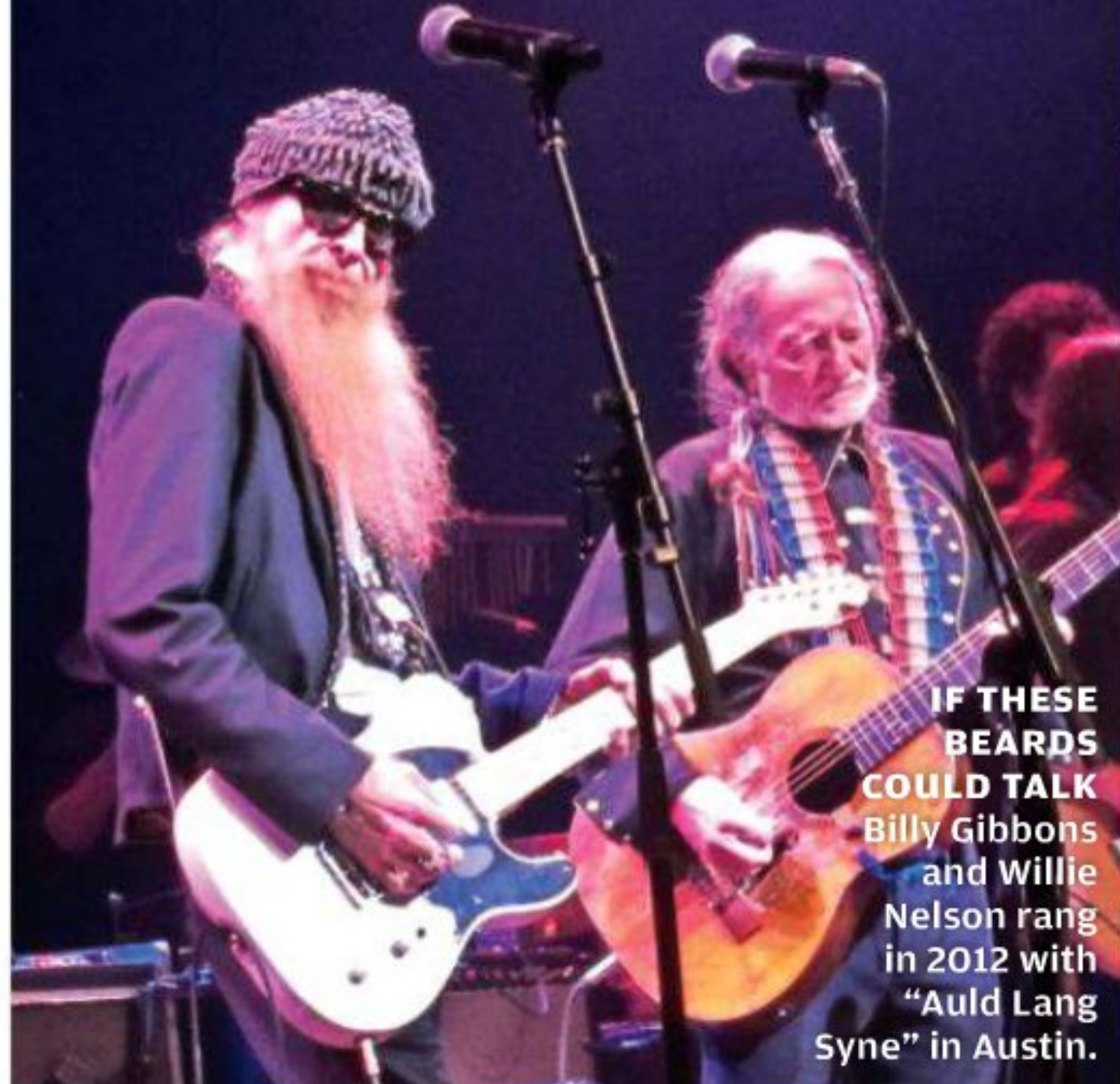
SNOW PATROL
Madonna and Lourdes took a holiday on the slopes in Switzerland.



CHILI DAWG
In St. Barts, Anthony Kiedis caught a tube, and a traffic ticket for flouting helmet laws.



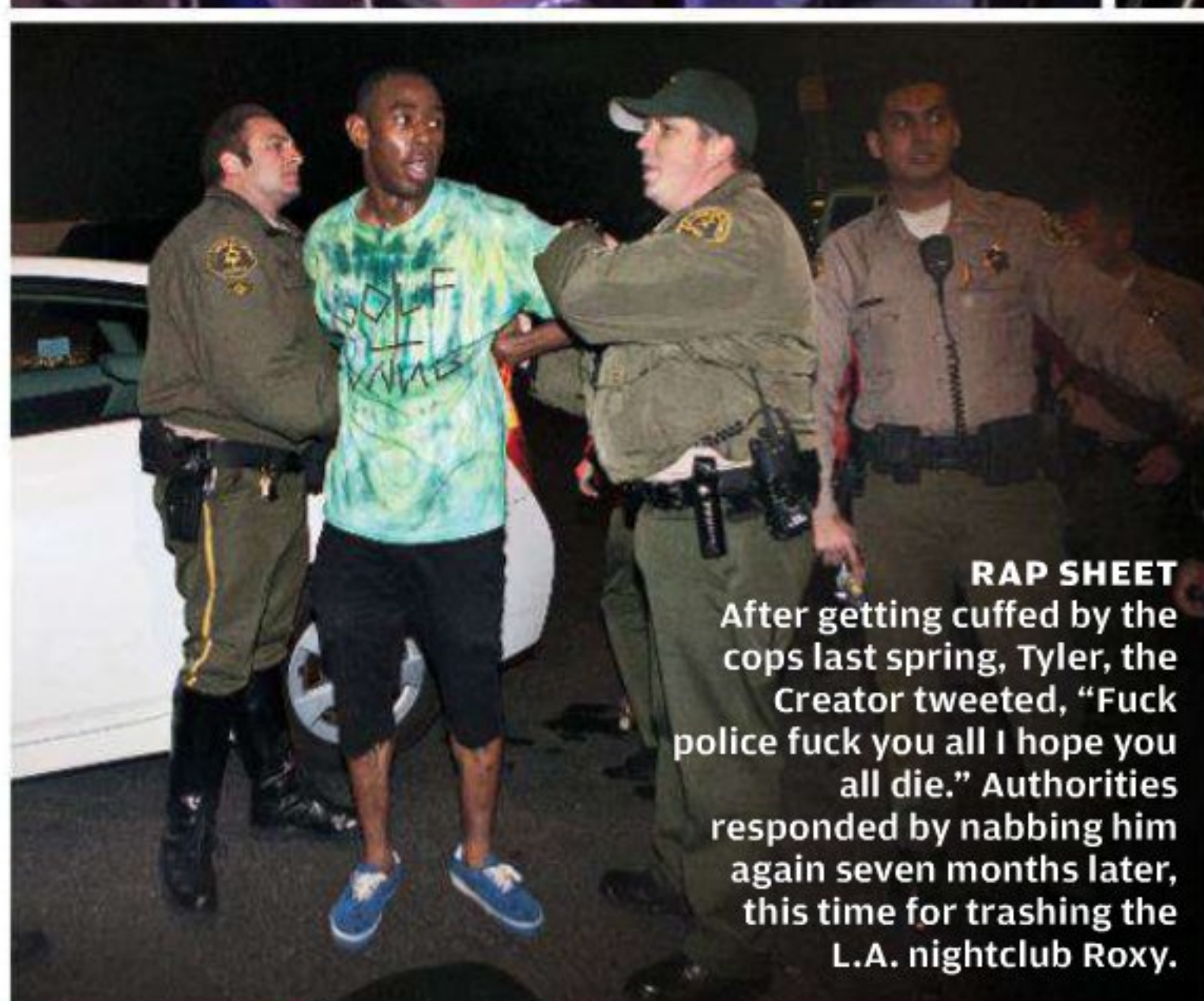
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ZEUS/APOLLO/FLYNETPICTURES.COM; XPOSUREPHOTOS.COM; INFPHOTO.COM; 2: TRB/FAME PICTURES; REVOLVER/FLYNETPICTURES.COM



IF THESE BEARDS COULD TALK
Billy Gibbons and Willie Nelson rang in 2012 with "Auld Lang Syne" in Austin.



A SONG FOR MARTY
Bob Dylan performed his baddest bootleg classic, "Blind Willie McTell," for a Martin Scorsese tribute in Los Angeles.



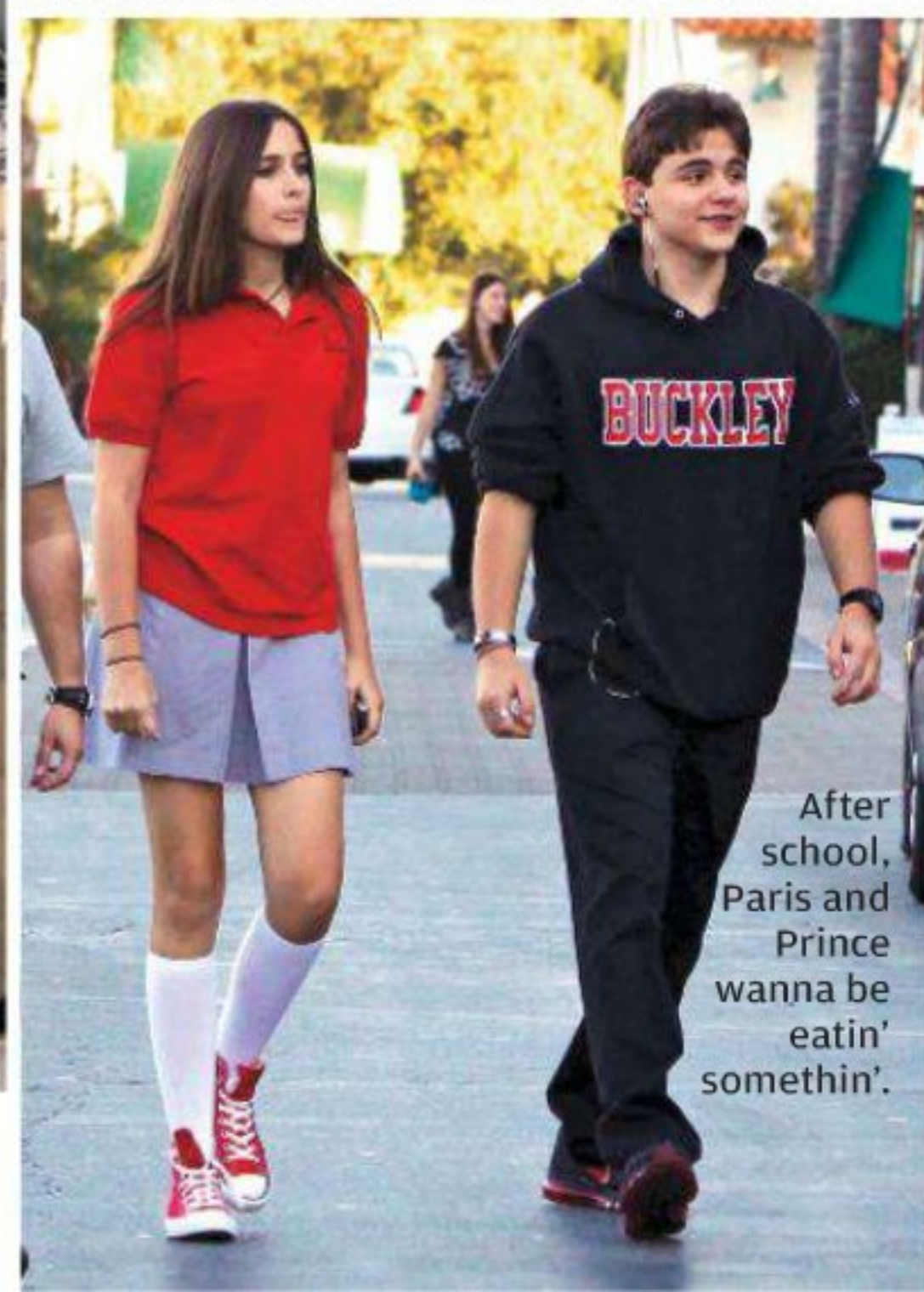
RAP SHEET
After getting cuffed by the cops last spring, Tyler, the Creator tweeted, "Fuck police fuck you all I hope you all die." Authorities responded by nabbing him again seven months later, this time for trashing the L.A. nightclub Roxy.



Lisa Marie with Elvis' hunka hunka burnin' grandson, Benjamin

Kin of Kings

Lisa Marie Presley took her son, Benjamin Keough, out to dinner in London and charged it to the King, while MJ's offspring Prince and Paris Jackson headed out to a Los Angeles fro-yo joint, where they didn't stop till they ate enough.



After school, Paris and Prince wanna be eatin' somethin'.

Long Odds and a Last Shot

Hoffman and Co. soar in HBO's epic neo-noir horse-track saga, 'Luck'
By Rob Sheffield

THERE'S AN OLD W.C. Fields movie where he's playing poker with a brand-new sucker, who asks, "Is this a game of chance?" Fields assures him, "Not the way I play it." A true Ameri-

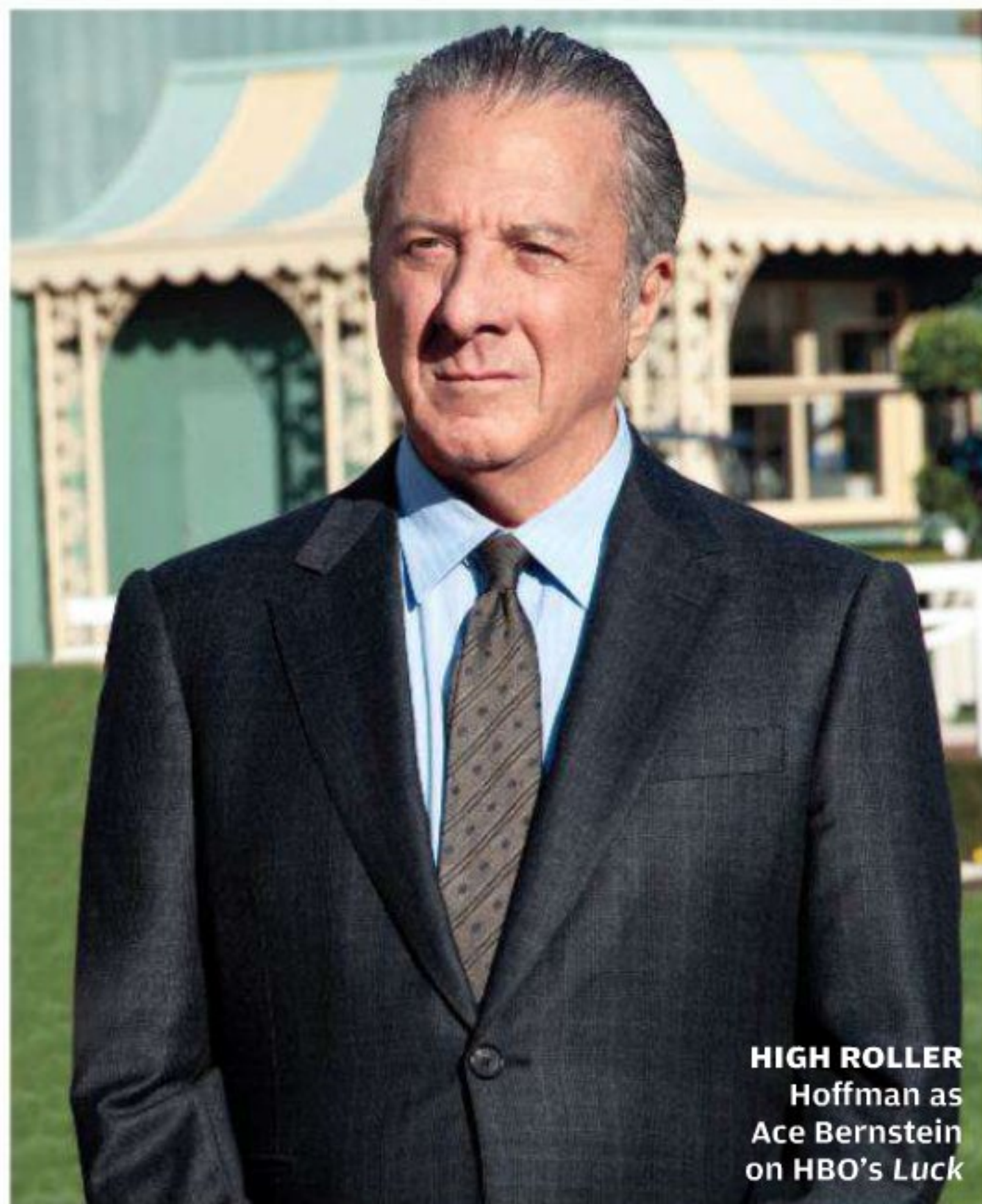
Luck

Sundays, 9 p.m., HBO

can motto, and it could be the epigraph for HBO's *Luck*. The gamblers and gangsters who play the ponies at the Santa Anita racetrack are hustling for redemption at the hands of fate. They believe they have a surefire system to beat the odds, even if they have to cheat a little. And when they lose, which they always do? Tomorrow's another race. As one of the hard-boiled railbirds says, after a tough break, "Yeah, well, déjà fuckin' vu."

Luck is the brilliant creation of David Milch, who oversaw one of HBO's all-time most intense dramas, the Wild West story *Deadwood*. (And also one of its most high-profile fiascoes, *John From Cincinnati* – you remember, the Luke Perry surfer-Jesus thing.) *Luck* is like a *Deadwood* version of Stanley Kubrick's classic noir *The Killing*: lots of sweaty guys who are drawn to the horses because they've got just a little bit of larceny in them.

The racetrack remains one of America's favorite metaphors for itself, despite the fact that in terms of actual popularity, horse racing hovers somewhere between jai alai and air hockey. We might not hang out at the OTB, but we love to fantasize about all the gifts that go with playing the ponies. It appeals to our most craven national fantasy, where picking a winner out of the blue solves all our problems. No matter how many times we get burned, we keep hoping this time it's anyone's race. And if we get burned again, well, déjà fuckin' vu.



HIGH ROLLER
Hoffman as Ace Bernstein on HBO's *Luck*

Luck revels in the allure of the sleazy hoods who populate the track. There's Dustin Hoffman as a stoic gangster just out of prison, with Dennis Farina as his loyal driver. Nick Nolte and John Ortiz play scrappy trainers angling for their own piece of the pie. And Jason Gedrick is the roughed-up pretty-boy gambler who looks like he's just wandered in from the set of *Entourage: The Blowing Guys in Bus Stations Years*.

You don't have to know anything about horses to get obsessed with *Luck*. Like *Deadwood*, *Luck* conjures an alternate world, with its own laws and lingo. It's full of tough guys talking shit – like the great scene when a group of gamblers, after a major loss, start bickering about the Three Stooges. These dudes are so addicted to the rush they can't stop talking about their lives in gamblers' terms – even when they're having sex. After a couple of poker players share simultaneous orgasms, the guy whispers, "We call that split pot."

The only time the scheming stops is the actual horse races, and each episode seems to

pause for the event – it's a brief moment of innocence. You notice the golden afternoon sunlight, the palm trees, the joy of the horses. Even the most jaded railbirds get a little serene gazing at the ponies, saying things like, "Ya look at this bitch run." Then, in seconds, the race is over and the scams are back on. And sometimes the pretty horses end up getting shot.

Dustin Hoffman is amazing – he's just one key figure in this ensemble cast, but he's magnetic even in the stiff way he holds his body. You can tell this is an impatient man who had to learn behind bars how to wait. Now he's plotting some righteous payback on his ex-partners who made him take the fall. As Ace Bernstein, he wipes the floor with Robert De Niro's Ace Rothstein from *Casino*. Even his tiniest gestures are thrilling to watch, like when he gets in his car and hears the perky GPS voice say, "Ready to navigate!" Hoffman just mutters, "Yeah, you do your job, I'll do mine."

There's no *Boardwalk Empire*-style glitz: These are *not* beautiful losers. But the whole cast is an all-star team of grizzled character actors. Best in show: Kevin Dunn, one of my favorite professional bad guys. (Anyone who can play J. Edgar Hoover *and* Brian Wilson's abusive dad is some kind of baller.) Here he's a greasy wheelchair-bound lowlife betting away his disability checks. After one of his partners screws up, he says, "I'm not passing judgment, but this makes you the story's asshole. And now you wanting to complain puts the icing on the asshole cake." That sums up the greatness of *Luck*: It's an asshole cake with plenty of icing. **ES**

WATCH LIST

Crack for Anglophiles!

Downton Abbey
Sundays, 9 p.m., PBS

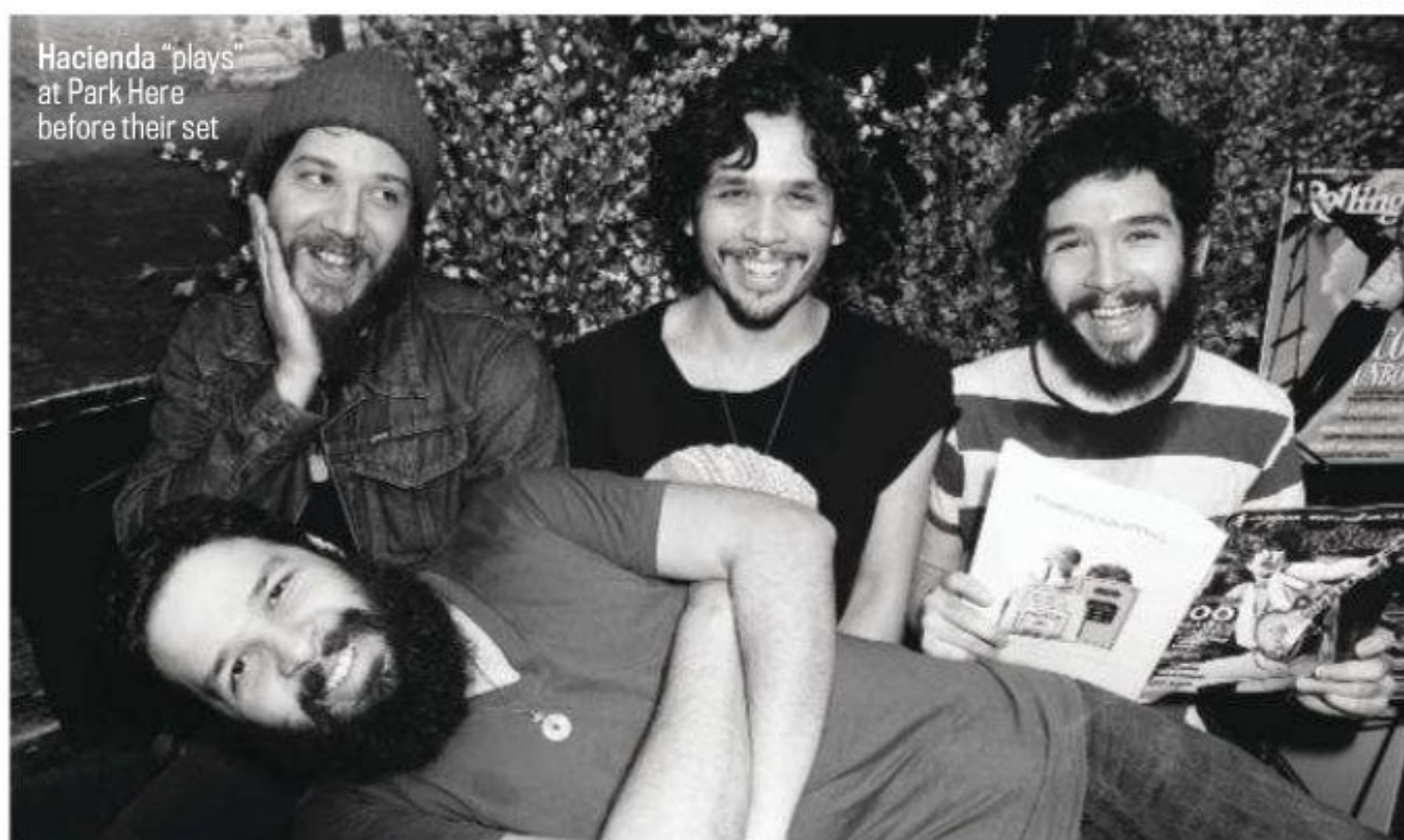
American cable networks have mastered the old-school U.K. staple – the classy costume drama. So it only makes sense for the Brits to steal back some of their thunder with the return of the absurdly English *Downton Abbey*. It's like they planned it as the ultimate *Masterpiece Theatre* Anglophile smart bomb: "If we don't snag them with the mansion and the butlers and the tearful off-to-the-trenches farewells, then by jingo, we'll just have to send in Maggie Bloody Smith." The Notorious M.A.G. might



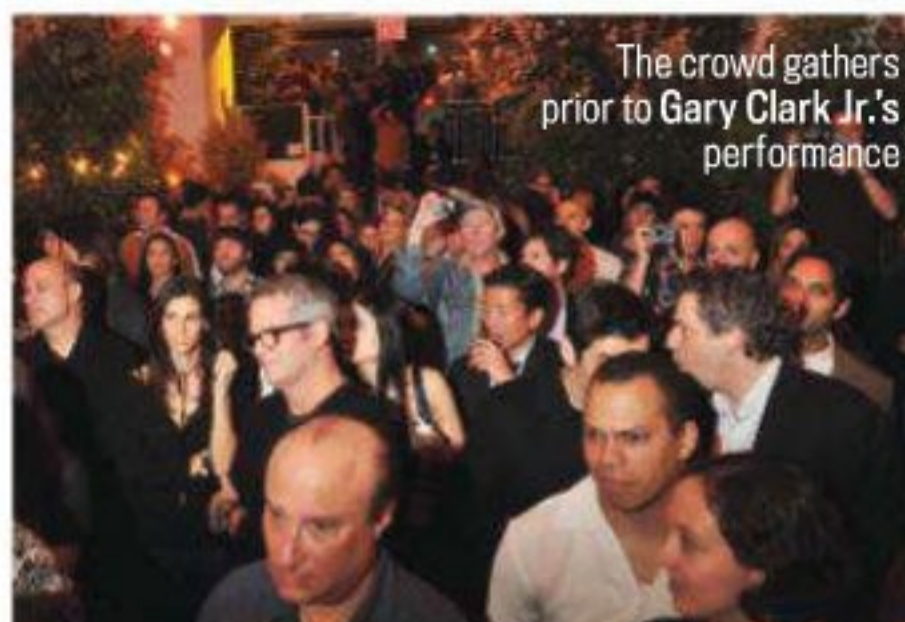
steal her scenes as the Dowager Countess, but the whole Crawley family leaves a fascinating trail of human wreckage as they sail off into World War I. The second season of *Downton* is everything *Project Runway All Stars* should have been: bitchy one-liners, retina-spraining fashions and desperate clawing for social supremacy. **R.S.**



Dorias Cellar of
Freelance Whales
serenades the
streets of NY



Hacienda "plays"
at Park Here
before their set



The crowd gathers
prior to Gary Clark Jr.'s
performance



MNDR in a rare
sans light show
performance

PARK HERE KICKS OFF WITH RS FEST

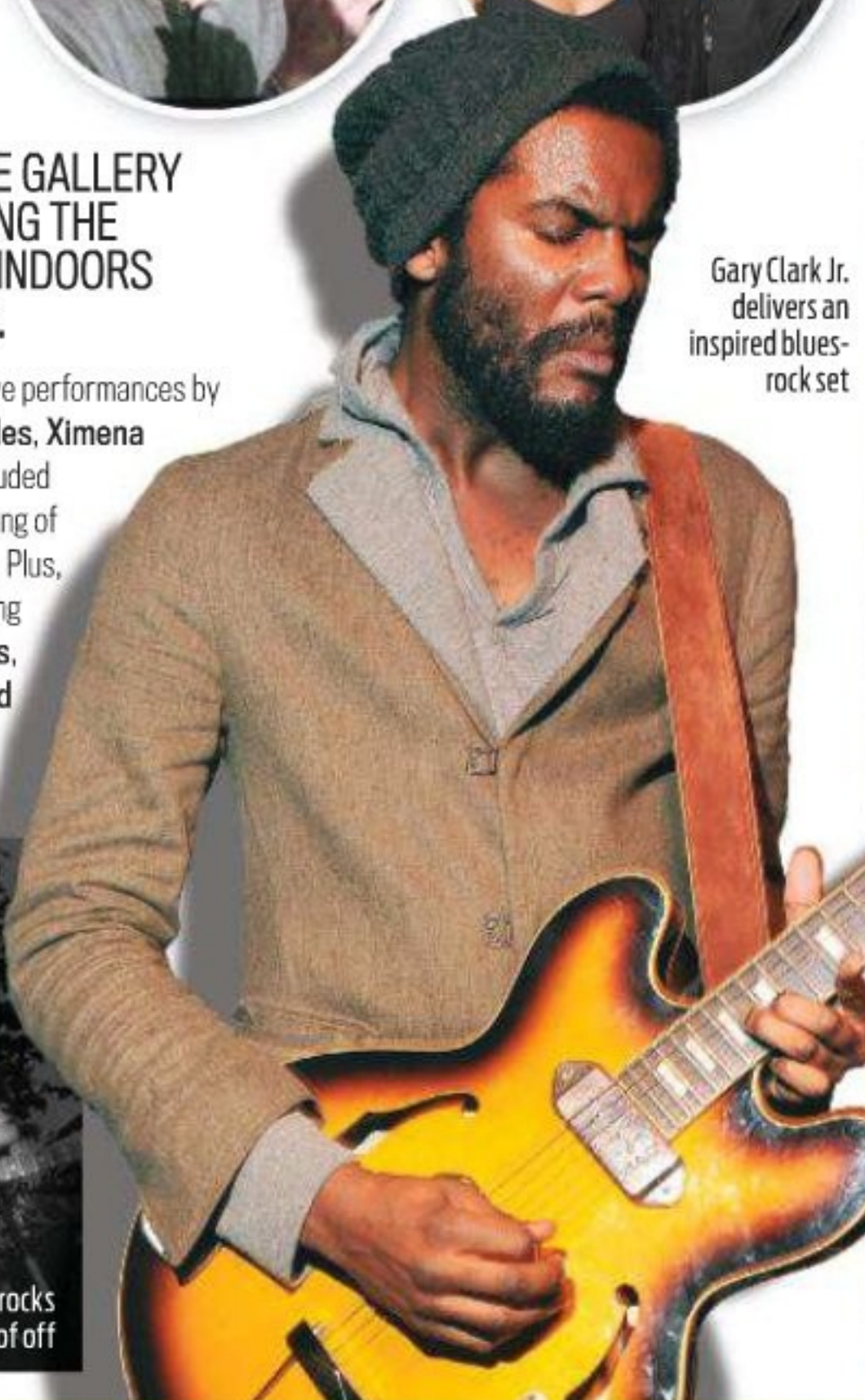
THIS DECEMBER, ROLLING STONE AND OPENHOUSE GALLERY PARTNERED TO FLIP THE SCRIPT ON WINTER, TAKING THE ULTIMATE SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVAL EXPERIENCE INDOORS AT PARK HERE, NYC'S ONLY INDOOR POP-UP PARK.

A handful of lucky New Yorkers found reprieve from holiday madness with live performances by Dawes, Hacienda, MNDR, Music Unites Youth Choir, Freelance Whales, Ximena Sariñana, Deer Tick, Gary Clark Jr., and Matisyahu. Special events included samplings of Starbucks Christmas Blend coffee and an exclusive screening of the short film "When You Find Me," inspired by Canon Project imagin8ion. Plus, the best of local NYC food vendors served up goodies all month long, featuring Filled With Sweets, Hong Kong Street Cart, Intoxicating Confections, Lizzmonade, Mimi + Coco NY, Nolita Mart & Espresso Bar, Snap Food Truck, Stuffed Artisan Cannolis, The Jam Stand, and YaYa Tea Garden.

PHOTOS: ANGUS SMYTHE



LEFT TO RIGHT:
A freshly shaven
Matisyahu performs,
Music Unites founder
Michelle Edger with
fashion designer
John Varvatos, singers
Wynter Gordon and
Shontelle make an
appearance



Gary Clark Jr.
delivers an
inspired blues-
rock set



Dawes pops
by for a sweet
acoustic set



Deer Tick rocks
the roof off



Attendees keep
warm with a sip
of Starbucks
Christmas Blend

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HOW ZIGGY STARDUST FELL^{TO} EARTH

David Bowie made rock & roll safe for glitter gods and space oddities – but he was really trying to hold on to his sanity **By Mikal Gilmore**

ON JULY 3RD, 1973, DAVID BOWIE SAT BACKSTAGE at the Hammersmith Odeon theater in London, waiting. Assistants, makeup artists and costume designers were preparing him for the most anticipated performance of his career: the final date of a triumphant first world tour with his extraordinary band, the Spiders From Mars. As he waited, hundreds gathered into the theater's auditorium. Many of them were followers – they dressed like Bowie, in daring

DAVID BOWIE

and glamorous outfits; they cut and dyed their hair to duplicate his shock-red mane; they made their faces pallid, and painted their eyes with radiant shimmer. These were the people, the outcasts, whom Bowie spoke to in "Changes," when he sang, "And these children that you spit on/As they try to change their worlds/Are immune to your consultations/They're quite aware what they're going through."

Two years before, few attending this event knew who David Bowie was. He had been singing and playing rock & roll since 1962, and making quaint and eccentric albums since 1967, to little attention. His progress had proved so fitful that he wondered if he wanted to continue with it. He saw himself, he said, as an actor; he wanted to use his face and body, his voice and songs to play roles, outlandish ones. Then, in 1971, he realized he could combine it all – music and theater – into one character: Ziggy Stardust, an otherworldly being who came to Earth to save it, but instead found rock & roll; who sang about change and pain, and played the music better than anybody; whose vanity soared out of range, and who had the charisma to fuck anybody he desired, woman or man; and whose aspirations delivered him to ruin, his best purposes unfinished. That character had made David Bowie famous, and it formed an audience and community around his singularity.

This night, though, David Bowie would undo Ziggy Stardust. Years later he said, "I couldn't decide whether I was writing the characters, or whether the characters were writing me, or whether we were all one and the same." He was afraid this confusion would lead to madness, and there was nothing he feared more. When he left the Odeon that night, he intended to leave Ziggy Stardust behind, but he would also leave behind the most important deed of his life: He had provided a model of courage to millions who had never been embraced by a popular-culture hero before. He helped set others free in unexpected ways, even if he couldn't do the same for himself.

DAVID BOWIE HAD BEEN BORN with a need to move on. It was how he would cope with a history that might otherwise never have been survived. His mother, Margaret Burns (known as Peggy), was the first of six children born to a troubled family in Kent County, England. Three of her sisters suffered from mental illness, and Peggy herself, some thought, might be borderline. Before World War II, Peggy entered into a love affair, and gave birth to a son, Terence Burns, in 1937. (She also had a daughter after a second affair, but

gave the child up for adoption.) Peggy was 33 when she met Haywood Stenton Jones, a married man with a daughter of his own. Haywood, known as John, had run a London music hall that failed, costing him his inheritance. When he met Peggy, John was working for a children's charity organization, and stayed devoted to that job for the rest of his life. In 1946, he divorced his wife, marrying Peggy soon after. On January 8th, 1947, their only child, David Robert Jones, was born in Brixton.

Peggy's first son, Terry, lived with the Jones family off and on into David's adulthood. Peggy doted on David; she carried him on a pillow as a small child and let him wear her makeup. But Terry was somebody that she and John merely provided for. David, though, loved and looked up to Terry, and it was Terry who showed David the most warmth. In 1956, Terry joined the British Royal Air Force for two years. When he came back, he was different. "Something had happened to Terry while he was serving in the Royal Air Force in Aden during one of Britain's last

the very thing you're scared of.... There were too many suicides [in my family] for my liking.... As long as I could put those psychological excesses into my music and into my work, I could always be throwing it off."

IN 1956, DAVID'S FATHER BROUGHT his nine-year-old son a present that would help afford some transcendence over familial dread: "Tutti Frutti," the explosive first hit single by U.S. rock & roll singer and boogie-woogie pianist Little Richard. "My heart nearly burst with excitement," Bowie later said. "[Tutti Frutti] filled the room with energy and color and outrageous defiance. I had heard God." After that, David wanted to do what Richard and Elvis Presley had done: He wanted to place himself before an audience as something they had never seen before. It was a way to remake himself.

By the early Sixties, young David Jones was spending hours in record stores, searching for the newest music, and joined R&B bands with a friend, George



After his brother's breakdown, Bowie worried that his own mental health might shatter. "There were too many suicides in my family for my liking," he said.

colonial wars, and whatever it was, it had disturbed him profoundly," Bowie's ex-wife, Angela, wrote in her 1993 autobiography. Terry grew easily upset and didn't care about his appearance. He would be diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenic. At the same time, Terry proved the first important influence on Bowie: He introduced him to 19th-century German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche's view of will; to the writings of the Beats – including Jack Kerouac and William Burroughs; to the work of Bowie's future friend Christopher Isherwood, who wrote about a life of sexual freedom; and to jazz of all sorts. David tried to return the favor. In 1966, he took his half brother to see a Cream concert in Bromley. "On their way home after the gig," wrote David Buckley in *Strange Fascination: David Bowie – The Definitive Story*, "Terry became increasingly agitated until he fell to his knees and began pawing the road. He could see cracks in the tarmac and flames rising up, as if from the underworld."

For years after, Bowie worried that his own psyche might shatter. In 1993, Bowie said, "One puts oneself through such psychological damage in trying to avoid the threat of insanity. You start to approach

Underwood – the Kon-Rads, Davie Jones and the Lower Third, and Davie Jones and the King Bees – in which he sang and played alto and tenor saxophone. There's a photograph from 1963 that depicts Bowie posed with the instrument, sitting atop the Kon-Rads' bass drum, an uncanny preview of the famous figure that was to come. In his eyes, however, you see a singularity that marked him. In 1962, in an argument over a girlfriend, Underwood hit his friend in the left eye, causing terrible injury. Bowie was left with a permanently dilated pupil, and with eyes that appear to be of different colors. As a result, one of Bowie's eyes would forever be looking ahead, flitting, while the other seemed to stare back into him, as if to measure his distance from the past.

Bowie was in and out of R&B and mod groups through much of the decade, but he didn't truly have a band temperament. He tried to take over most of the outfits he joined, and when the music didn't thrive, he believed the bands failed him. By the time he was 16, he was signed briefly to Decca Records. But David Jones saw himself as somebody who should stand apart. Then he met Ken Pitt, a man who saw him the same way.

Contributing editor MIKAL GILMORE wrote about the Clash in RS 1125.



Look Out, You Rock & Rollers

(1) Bowie, 1970, in his apartment in Beckenham, England. (2) With a version of his early group the Kon-Rads: Roger Ferris, Stella Patton, Christine Patton (from left) and Bowie, who sang and played saxophone. (3) Bowie in mime in 1968, shortly after meeting Lindsay Kemp, a dancer and mime artist who became his lover. "His day-to-day life was the most theatrical thing I had ever seen," Bowie later said. "I joined the circus."

Pitt was a sophisticated and well-rounded music manager. He had represented flamboyant pianist Liberace and British beat band Manfred Mann, and he'd promoted one of Bob Dylan's tours of England. After seeing David perform in April 1966 at London's Marquee Club – where he sang "You'll Never Walk Alone," a song made famous by Judy Garland – Pitt believed he'd found somebody with the magnetism of Frank Sinatra. He became David's manager and won him a solo contract. Pitt also invited David to share his home, rescuing him from Peggy's ceaseless harping, and from the tormenting atmosphere that existed between his parents and his half brother, Terry. Some have suggested that Pitt's interest in his new housemate was sexual as well. Pitt denied this, though he later wrote, "David derived comfort from

leaving off his clothes, sometimes sitting cross-legged on the floor encircled by blaring hi-fi speakers, sometimes loping around the flat naked, his long, weighty penis swaying from side to side like the pendulum of a grandfather clock."

Pitt told David Jones he could no longer use the name David Jones, due to the popularity of another British singer, Davy Jones, who would go on to join the Monkees. The thought of a name change appealed to David's interest in overhauling his identity and asserting a new self. He liked Mick Jagger's surname – it suggested danger, a dagger – and he was a fan of Richard Widmark's portrayal of American pioneer Jim Bowie, who had been famous for his prowess with a knife. David settled on Bowie for his new identification. He believed that the surname

suggested cutting through to deeper truths.

Bowie found in Pitt's home books of the erotic and grotesque art of Egon Schiele. Pitt introduced him to illustrator Aubrey Beardsley and the 19th-century Decadent writers, such as Oscar Wilde. Bowie was particularly drawn to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, the story of a vain young man who exploited and then discarded people. But Pitt's most lasting contribution to Bowie's artistry came in late 1966. In December, when Pitt returned from a trip to New York, he brought with him an advance copy of the first album by the Velvet Underground, a band that had emerged under the imprimatur of pop-art-movement leader Andy Warhol. Bowie

was enthralled: The Velvets were playing music that was beautiful and cacophonous at the same time, and the group's frontman, Lou Reed, was writing about people on the verge of desperate experiences. "All I wanted to do was write songs that somebody like me could relate to," Reed later said. "I got off on the Beatles and all that stuff, but why not have a little something for the kids in the back row?"

The Velvet Underground gave Bowie new permissions to explore dark spaces, but his own recordings wouldn't reflect that epiphany for another five years. His first album, *David Bowie*, released in June 1967, proved a showcase of eclectic influences, the heavily lyrical French *chanson* style of Jacques Brel and the polished show-tune balladry of singer and composer Anthony Newley. The effect, though, was too diffuse to stand out in the psychedelic late Sixties.

But the album attracted the attention of Lindsay Kemp, an abstract mime artist who was also a dance instructor. Under Kemp's tutelage, Bowie learned how to move onstage, how to use dark lighting to help reveal a song's meanings and how to apply a mime's whiteface makeup, as well as about such theatrical styles as Japanese Kabuki and Jean Genet and the Theatre of the Absurd. Bowie later said of Kemp, "His day-to-day life was the most theatrical thing I had ever seen, ever. It was everything I thought Bohemia probably was. I joined the circus." Bowie became Kemp's lover; Kemp took the affair seriously, Bowie did not. When Kemp discovered that Bowie was also sleeping with the woman who was Kemp's show designer, the teacher slashed his wrists before the next evening's performance, then went onstage, bleeding through the bandages that had been wrapped around him at the infirmary. Bowie danced alongside

DAVID BOWIE

him, and cried. Kemp later said that he felt he had contributed much to his former student's later brand of rock theater. "Bowie got it all from me," he said. "His dresses, his hair and his makeup."

Bowie was adventurous and ruthless in using what came his way. But he would later say that what resulted from all this – his eventual apotheosis as a rock & roll star – was lamentable and damaging. "My commitment certainly has never been...[to] this crazy and filthy rock circus...," he told *Melody Maker* in 1977. "I should not have been in it." It was a pained protest, and an ungracious one. Rock & roll would uplift Bowie, and in turn he remade the movement's meanings, audience and history. It was a feat that almost cost him his mind.

DAVID BOWIE HAS OFTEN BEEN described as disconnected, even by himself. In 1972, he told Timothy Ferris in *ROLLING STONE*, "I'm a...very cold person. I can't feel strongly. I get so numb. I find I'm walking around numb. I'm a bit of an iceman." It's an interesting claim, given the passions he inspired in so many of those who thought they were close to him, including Angela Barnett, the woman who changed his world more than anybody. At first, he called her "the moon and the stars." Later, he would resent her more than anything else in his life.

Angela Barnett was born in Cyprus, in the fall of 1950, the daughter of a mining engineer and his wife. She lived with her family on the island during a period of Cypriot revolt against British colonization in the 1950s. Angela had been raised as a Roman Catholic, and her father, George Barnett, insisted she promise to remain a virgin until she was 18. When Angela entered into a love affair with another woman at college, she felt she had kept the promise. When an administrator confronted her over the sexual relationship, Angela panicked and jumped from a fourth-story window. By the late 1960s, Angela was living in London, where she briefly dated Calvin Lee, an A&R man at Mercury Records. Lee was also fond of Bowie, and in May 1969, he took Angela and the singer to a King Crimson concert at the Speakeasy. Angela later wrote in her autobiography, *Backstage Passes: Life on the Wild Side With David Bowie*, "[He] was very pretty. Beautiful, actually: his hair cut and permed in tight little curls around that fallen-angel's face....David



Life on Mars

(1) Bowie famously simulating oral sex with Mick Ronson's guitar at the Hammersmith Odeon, 1973. The move had become a staple of Bowie's live shows. (2) Bowie and Angela arrive at London's Cafe Royal in 1973. (3) Bowie getting in character in 1973. (4) Lou Reed, Mick Jagger and Bowie the same year.

was a very startling, sexy, unusual and powerful young man." David and Angela slept together that night. "He was a right stud," she told author Henry Edwards. "A stallion. He could poke a hole in the wall." Angela knew that she wanted him, but she also knew that he slept with other people, including men. One night, when the theatrical and sometimes jealous Angela threw herself down a staircase, David stepped over her on his way to the door, and said, "Well, when you feel like it, and if you're not dead, call me."

Bowie would tell Angela that he didn't love her, even as he later married her and

they had a son together, Duncan Zowie Haywood Jones, born May 1971. But for years, he couldn't do without her instincts – she pushed him to go further in his art and in his boldness. She believes she radicalized Bowie – if not politically, certainly in sexual ways that had cultural ramifications. Tony Visconti, a producer and occasional bassist for Bowie during this period, later told David Buckley, in *Strange Fascination*, "She...gave great support to David at a time when he was beginning to grow in confidence as a performer." Most crucially, Angela was of support to Bowie when his father died

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: ILPO MUSTO/REX/USA; PA PHOTOS/LANDOV; R. BAMBER/REX/USA; © MICK ROCK/RETNA LTD.

of pneumonia in August 1969. Peggy had chosen to nurse her husband during his illness, and called for medical help too late. "In the end, John Jones had asphyxiated alone in an upstairs room," Angela wrote, "trying to get to an oxygen tank just out of his reach." David resented his mother more than ever; he didn't want to take care of her, Angela said. Peggy, for her part, could no longer handle having Terry in her home. She placed him in Cane Hill, a hospital for severe mental illness, and she couldn't bear visiting him. David and Angela welcomed Terry at their home during his releases from Cane Hill, but David would grow more distant from his half brother. He still loved him, but his fear of proximity to schizophrenia was too great.

Just before his father's death, the song that became Bowie's first major hit, "Space Oddity," was released. It was a haunting vignette of a man lost in space, left to his own uncertainty – a portray-

IN 1970, BOWIE RECORDED "THE Man Who Sold the World" – a story of paranoia and survival, with music that matched the standpoint: blaring and dissonant. Bowie was now working with musicians who helped him make an adventurous soundscape. "I breathed in the excitement of knowing that we had a unit that would really start fires," he wrote later. Guitarist Mick Ronson, in particular, gave Bowie's songs a dynamic majesty that became crucial to what was about to take place. "You believed every note had been wrenched from his soul," Bowie said.

When things came together, it all happened fast, like something inexorable. The albums in that period, from 1971 to 1974 – *Hunky Dory*, *Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars*, *Aladdin Sane* and *Diamond Dogs* – amount to one of the grand epics of rock & roll: a chronicle about the fall of worlds within and without – the disintegration of ego and of soci-

nous appeal. She helped him select long, silk men's dresses – like medieval princes' frocks, made by Michael Fish, who had also designed clothing for the Rolling Stones – and to wear them at photo sessions for magazines. Combined with Mick Jagger's suggestive manner in the Rolling Stones' live shows, and with Bowie's friend Marc Bolan, from T. Rex, splashing sparkles on his face and wearing sequins for a BBC performance, Bowie's androgyny signaled that changes were coming. Glitter rock had been born, and at its best, it wasn't just about music and style; rather, it was about a radical new mode of liberation. "We were giving permission to ourselves," Bowie later wrote, "to reinvent culture the way we wanted it. With great big shoes."

Bowie was finally ready to shatter boundaries. He dismissed Ken Pitt – Angela thought Pitt's ideas were antiquated – and instead hired Tony DeFries, whose promise to make Bowie a star brought him to tears. Bowie's next move, the album *Hunky Dory*, from 1971, staked his bid for all-or-nothing transfiguration. The cover showed him in a hand-tinted portrait, gazing upward, his long blond hair pulled back in the fashion of a 1940s actress, such as Lauren Bacall or Marlene Dietrich. The music itself was irresistibly tuneful, apparent from the opening piano lines (played by Rick Wakeman) on "Changes," a song that was a declaration of independence and daring, for both Bowie and the audience he would define. Bowie had recently started writing on keyboards, and he was inspired by the structural and melodic possibilities that the instrument afforded him. "I forced myself to become a good songwriter," he later said. How far he had come – in all regards – was evident in a performance of *Hunky Dory*'s "Queen Bitch," with the Spiders From Mars, in a 1972 British TV broadcast of *The Old Grey Whistle Test*. Dressed in tall red boots and an unzipped fatigue suit, Bowie was riveting as he delivered a Velvet Underground-inflected rave-up sung in the voice of one man waiting in his abject hotel room for another man to show, until his jealousy turns him sick. It was a staggeringly bold moment – a manifesto of a forbidden viewpoint – and Bowie delivered it with unflinching self-assurance.

Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars, from 1972, followed *Hunky Dory* so closely that the two seem of a piece. Both works are faultless – in effect, they form one of the best double albums ever made. *Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars*, though, was a story – or at least the suggestion of one: the tale of an alien who fell to Earth, and who lost everything but a legacy. Bowie took bits of *Ziggy* from various places. He drew inspiration for the character's name, he later said,

The night before David and Angela's wedding, they had sex with a mutual friend. Bowie said their marriage was "like living with a blowtorch."

al of Bowie's psychic disconnection, but also of how the ideals and hopes of the 1960s were fading out. Around that same time, David and Angela settled into Haddon Hall, a Victorian house with Gothic windows. It became the birthplace of David Bowie's legend, and it was an attempt to forge new ways of life. (Visconti, who lived there for a time with other musicians, recalled that David and Angela sometimes brought home dates together from the clubs. "I have no idea what went on in their bedroom," he told David Buckley, "except we used to be wide awake in our bedroom hearing all the laughter and screams emanating from theirs.") It was while living in Haddon Hall, in March 1970, that David and Angela married. The night before the ceremony, they shared sex with a mutual friend. The next day, David was surprised to see his mother show up at the tiny wedding. He had told her nothing about the occasion. She insisted on signing the register as her son's witness and posing for photos. Angela claimed she didn't expect the marriage to be lastingly romantic, but, she writes, "I certainly didn't want my partner to come in the form of an incorrigibly promiscuous, self-obsessed young starlet with a mother out of a nightmare." David would later say that the experience of being married to Angela was "like living with a blowtorch." It was perhaps a miracle that in the next few years he did so much that was so good for so many.

ety; and about hard-won new values that may or may not be salvation. Most obviously, though, the albums were about sexual realizations that popular culture had never permitted before. Sexual expression in rock & roll had provoked outrage for many social moralists since the 1950s, but it was nonetheless a conventional sexuality being talked about: the lust, romance and heartbreak between men and women. The territory began to change when the Beatles popularized long hair for young men in the early 1960s. As hair length progressed, it provoked public derision, even hostility; to some, it suggested a disturbing feminization of men.

Bowie had already tapped into the concern about feminine masculinity as early as 1964, when he appeared on *BBC Tonight* as the founder of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Longhaired Men, with a cohort of other longhaired young men. "For the last two years, we've heard comments like 'Darling' and 'Can I carry your handbag?' thrown at us," David said. "And I think it just has to stop now." But David Jones was smiling when he said all of this. He knew, with his Brian Jones-style hair, that his appearance conveyed an ambiguity: His was a beautiful face, and body, that both women and men might be attracted to. Now, by the early 1970s, more was allowable – homosexuality had been decriminalized in Britain in 1967 – and Angela pushed her husband to make more daring use of his androgy-

from a Lubbock, Texas, psychobilly singer, the Legendary Stardust Cowboy. He also had in mind Vince Taylor, an incredibly thin, sexy and damaged rock & roll singer from the early 1960s, who enjoyed some success in France, but became delusional on hallucinogens, once declaring to an audience that he was a messenger of Christ. "I met him a few times in the mid-Sixties," Bowie later said. "The guy was not playing with a full deck at all." Another source was Gene Vincent, whose 1956 hit "Be-Bop-a-Lula" had exemplified rockabilly, and whose leg was injured in the famous 1960 car accident that left Eddie Cochran dead. Bowie played some of his new *Hunky Dory* and *Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars* songs with Vincent, for a demo. He'd once seen Vincent in concert, wearing a leg brace. "He had to shove his injured leg out behind him to, what I thought, great theatrical effect," Bowie later wrote. "This rock stance became position number one for the embryonic Ziggy." Most important, Bowie borrowed from the examples of Lou Reed, from the Velvet Underground, and Iggy Pop, from the Stooges: Both made influential music that stood apart from prevalent values but were devastated by the disregard of critics and the public.

What Bowie made of these sources was all his – something unprecedented and liberating. Whereas *Hunky Dory* began with the hope of "Changes," and ended in the brokenness of "The Bewlay Brothers" (a song that appears to be about his half brother, Terry), *Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars* reversed that movement. The album's opening track, the spellbinding "Five Years," described the horrible moments after a group of people learn the news that the Earth will die in a few years: "A girl my age went off her head, hit some tiny children/If the black hadn't a-pulled her off, I think she would have killed them." Ten songs later, after all the vain messiahs have come and gone, Bowie pulled off a sneak act of redemption, by trying to comfort a single soul in "Rock 'n' Roll Suicide": "You're not alone....No matter what or who you've been/No matter when or where you've seen/All the knives seem to lacerate your brain/I've had my share, I'll help you with the pain/You're not alone."

The song – the whole album, in fact – was Bowie's way of talking to an audience that he knew instinctively, but hadn't even acquired: outsiders who felt depressed and lost, wasted by their own despair or by the world's unkindness. In *Moonage Daydream*, Bowie wrote, "Overall, there was a distinct feeling that 'nothing was true' anymore and that the future was not as clear-cut as it had seemed....Therefore, everything was up for grabs. If we needed any truths we could construct them ourselves." When Bowie performed "Rock 'n'

Roll Suicide" live, he extended his reach to those people, as he sang, "Give me your hands, because you're wonderful/Oh, give me your hands." It was a loving moment, and a political one: It was the offering of unashamed embrace and encouragement. Quite a gesture for a man who denied he had warmth inside him.

DAVID BOWIE BECAME A STAR like no other. His albums sold at a faster rate than that of any music artist in Britain since the Beatles, and his concerts with the Spiders From Mars became prized and leg-

Later, he worried: Had what he said destroyed his chances of being accepted in America? In truth, Bowie was bisexual – and being married, with a child, probably made his statement more provocative and puzzling. In 1983, he would tell Kurt Loder, in *ROLLING STONE*, that saying he was bisexual "was the biggest mistake I ever made." Critic John Gill thought that Bowie had used and betrayed gay culture, but also admitted that he had emboldened many people to be more open about their sexuality. Singer Tom Robinson said, "For gay musicians, Bowie was seismic. To hell with whether he disowned us later."



ZIGGY'S LAST GIG
"I was wasted and miserable," Bowie said later.

endary events. Nobody had ever looked like Bowie did – a skeletal face riven with audacious lightning bolts, penetrating eyes that didn't match in color. Nobody moved like him, with impossible grace at moments, then in jerky, bent, almost inhuman angles at others. Nobody wore the clothes he wore, princely yet feminine robes, tight pants that presented his sex as the center of his being, as the focus of the stage.

Bowie would claim that he intended Ziggy Stardust as only a theatrical creation, "but I play that character right down the line." When, during a June 1972 Oxford Town Hall show, Bowie sank to his knees before Mick Ronson, wrapped his hands behind the guitarist's ass and pulled Ronson and his guitar to his mouth – in a mime of oral sex – the effect was titanic. The moment (which was a surprise to Ronson) was caught by camera and printed in the music papers. Bowie immediately worried that he had gone too far. At the same time, he extended the risks offstage. In his most famous interview, in *Melody Maker*, in 1972, he spontaneously announced, "I'm gay – and always have been, even when I was David Jones."

Bowie and the Spiders From Mars – bassist Trevor Bolder, drummer Woody Woodmansey and guitarist Ronson – toured incessantly for 18 months in 1972 and 1973. In Fred and Judy Vermorel's 1985 *Starlust: Secret Life of Fans*, a member of the audience told the authors, "A lot of men were throwing off their underwear and showing their cocks all over the place. A lot of fluid was flying about. One girl was actually sucking someone at the same time as trying to listen to what was going on. I thought it was extraordinary because nobody had any inhibitions." Mike Garson, who later played piano with Bowie for years, told David Buckley, "I heard all those stories about what was going on in the audience and I tend to believe them. I remember seeing crazy stuff."

That night at the Hammersmith Odeon in 1973 was the last fling. "I really did want it all to come to an end," Bowie wrote in *Moonage Daydream*. "I was now writing for a different kind of project and exhausted and completely bored with the whole Ziggy concept, couldn't keep my attention on the performance....I was wasted and miserable." At the concert's

end, before the encore performance of "Rock 'n' Roll Suicide," Bowie addressed the crowd. "Not only is this the last show of the tour," he said, "but it is the last show we'll ever do. Bye-bye. We love you." The audience was stunned. So were the Spiders From Mars. David Bowie had abandoned his alter ego and fired his band in the same moment, in public. It was an example of Bowie's fabled ability to cut off relationships, to move past them as he tried to move past himself. Angela claimed to be surprised as well. She said that after the event, she was "*persona non grata*." David never confided in her, or collaborated with her, in quite the same ways.

'ZIGGY STARDUST" BELEAGUERED Bowie for a long time. It became what he thought he had to live down, or surpass. He hoped he could relinquish the character yet hold on to the growing audience that the image had won for him. But *Aladdin Sane* and *Diamond Dogs* were essentially continuations: The music got deeper, riskier, more complicated, meaner; the viewpoint, more toxic. But it was still the world and character of Ziggy Stardust.

In 1974, Bowie launched an elaborate tour of North America. This time, musicians were relegated behind a screen, unseen, as Bowie commanded the stage with brilliant choreography and cumbersome props, such as a cherry-picker crane that malfunctioned once, leaving him suspended far above an arena floor for many minutes. His singing was, if anything, better – he had astonishing range and control – but he grew bored with the tour midway through. He wanted to revise his sound, to make it soulful and funky. He brought in guitarist Carlos Alomar, who had worked at Harlem's Apollo Theater and had played with James Brown, and he recruited Luther Vandross to arrange backing vocals. He met John Lennon, and the two wrote and recorded "Fame," for Bowie's 1975 *Young Americans*. The song and album were Bowie's first massive hits in the U.S.

Bowie also developed an obsession with cocaine during this period, and it took him into frenzy, delusion and terror. He lived for a time in a Manhattan town house, but after a tense conflict there one night with Jimmy Page, Bowie believed that the Led Zeppelin guitarist – who owned the English home of late black-magic philosopher Aleister Crowley – had put his soul in peril. He moved to Los Angeles and continued to disintegrate, staying up for days without sleep, sustaining him-

self on a diet of milk, peppers and cocaine, studying occult literature and practices. He phoned Angela in London, asking for her help: Witches intended for him to impregnate one during Walpurgis Night. He later said Satan was living in his indoor swimming pool. David needed an exorcism ("I really walked into other worlds," he later said), and Angela got him one – though it was by way of a long-distance phone call. "David was never insane," Angela wrote. "The really crazy stuff coincided precisely with his ingestion of enormous amounts of cocaine, alcohol and whatever other drugs." In any event, the

WHERE IS BOWIE?

Is the Thin White Duke retired, or just enjoying his golden years?

On November 9th, 2006, David Bowie performed a short set at a benefit show for a children's charity at New York's Hammerstein Ballroom: the *Lodger* deep cut "Fantastic Voyage"; his cover of Nina Simone's staple "Wild Is the Wind"; and, for the last song, his classic "Changes," as a duet with Alicia Keys. He walked off the stage holding Keys' hand, and hasn't performed in public since.

Bowie is not a recluse these days:

He is spotted at charity events (most recently at a leukemia fundraiser at the Manhattan restaurant Cipriani, where he rubbed shoulders with Rihanna and Eva Mendes) and on the streets of New York, where he's often seen with his 11-year-old daughter, Alexandria, and wife Iman. But there are no signs that he is going to return to recording and performing. According to reports, he spends much of his time collecting 20th-century British art and raising his child. There may be health reasons for his inactivity: A massive heart attack prematurely ended his 2004 tour, and he abruptly canceled a planned 2007 comeback concert in New York. "I'm not even thinking of touring," he said in 2010. "I'm comfortable."

ANDY GREENE



rite may have helped break Bowie's fear of a fiend possessing him. "It was time to get out of this terrible lifestyle I'd put myself into, and get healthy," he later said. "It was time to pull myself together."

In late 1976, following a suggestion by writer Christopher Isherwood, Bowie moved to West Berlin, with his friend Iggy Pop. For a time the retreat only relocated Bowie's troubles. He became a heavy drinker. He threw up in alleys at night. He reportedly called out to people, "Please help me." He also did worse: He became intrigued by Third Reich history and Nazi mythology. He had said years earlier in an interview, "I believe very strongly in fascism." In 1974 he told *Playboy*, "Adolf Hitler was one of the first rock stars. Look at some of the films and see how he moved. I think he was quite as good as Jagger." In *Strange Fascination*, Buckley reports that customs officers detained Bowie at the Russian-Polish border in April 1976, and seized a collection of Nazi memorabilia. When an assistant later criticized him for his interest, Bowie grew infuriated. "Fuck you," he said. "I changed the world! Kiss my arse" – then broke down and cried. The worst moment came in 1976, when Bowie arrived in an open-top Mercedes-Benz convertible at London's Victoria Station and was photographed giving what some people wrongly thought was a Nazi salute. The reaction in England was furious. Bowie was sickened when he saw the photo. "I'm NOT a fascist....," he told *Melody Maker* in October 1977. "That didn't happen.... I just WAVED.... On the life of my child, I waved." The longer Bowie stayed in Berlin, the more he came to understand the ruin that fascism had done to Germany and Europe. He was repelled by nationalists and racists, and was horrified to see his name made into a swastika in graffiti. He later called his interests "ghastly," and said he had been coming out of a year of terrible duress. "I was out of my mind, totally, completely crazed."

Yet Bowie still made exceptional music in the post-Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars years. The title track of *Station to Station* (1976) sounded like a battle for the soul between a locked-down, authoritarian structure and raging, anarchic guitars. With 1977's *Low* – recorded with the input of avant-gardist and former Roxy Music keyboardist Brian Eno – Bowie devised a new language of music from fragments, accidents and dreamed-up textures. At first Bowie's label, RCA, did not want to release *Low*; however, along with *Heroes* from that same year, the album went on to inspire a generation – or more – of new artists, from Joy Division to Trent Reznor, and proved Bowie's most sonically influential work.

He still moved on. He left manager Tony DeFries in 1975, and he divorced Angela in 1977. The marriage [Cont. on 68]

ACCIDENTAL ICON Olsen rallies his fellow Occupiers at a December march.



CASUALTY OF THE



Scott Olsen was a Marine who survived two tours in Iraq, but it was the Oakland police who almost killed him

By MARK BINELLI

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUSTIN MAXON

OCCUPATION



ing Oakland's City Hall and took on an eerie, sulfurous glow, at least in the videos, while flash grenades erupted disorientingly and masked, silhouetted figures – many of the protesters had bandannas tied across their faces, guerrilla-style – scrambled for cover. For weeks, Occupy protesters had been complaining about heavy-handed police tactics, but this evidence didn't make anyone think of the Rodney King tape. It looked like a military crackdown in the West Bank. ¶ The projectile that struck Olsen fractured his skull and left him in critical condition. More crucially for the narrative, Olsen turned out to be a 24-year-old ex-Marine who'd survived two tours of duty in Iraq. For a movement supposedly without leaders, this sort of compelling personal story was enough to make

him an overnight icon, the perfect almost-martyr. Though he couldn't even speak for days, a shaky video of other protesters carrying him to safety got endless replays. In the footage, you can hear people around him screaming, "Medic! Medic!" as if a MASH unit might be somewhere nearby, and see Olsen himself, who looks absurdly young, staring up wide-eyed, but unable to speak, as someone shouts, "What's your name?" As the bedlam churns around him, Olsen slowly reaches up and touches his bleeding head.

"When I heard he was a Marine, I was expecting some six-foot-four guy," the Bay Area journalist Edwin Dobb, who has been covering Occupy Oakland, told me. "But he could pass for a junior in high school."

It's true. On the BART train this afternoon, Olsen looks like a fourth member of Hanson, circa 1999. He's heading to Oakland to attend his first protest since he got hurt, and so has decided to wear a sort of costume: a brown camouflage Veterans for Peace T-shirt over a loose pair of American flag pants, minus the stripes – it's just white stars on that patriotic shade of blue – and an inside-out bandanna worn like a headband, his shoulder-length hair tied into a ponytail. Olsen has a slight frame and delicate features. He still wears one of those oversize white neck braces, the kind you'd see in a sitcom courtroom scene whenever the plaintiff had whiplash, and the padding thrusts his head forward in a

LITTLE MORE THAN SIX WEEKS after being shot in the head, Scott Olsen boarded a BART train and rode it across San Francisco Bay to Oakland. Olsen can't say for sure who shot him, or what with, but all evidence suggests it was probably a tear-gas canister fired by riot police as they cleared out the Occupy Oakland encampment last October. The chaotic footage of the night raid ended up all over YouTube. Billowing clouds of tear gas enveloped the streets surround-

ing Oakland's City Hall and took on an eerie, sulfurous glow, at least in the videos, while flash grenades erupted disorientingly and masked, silhouetted figures – many of the protesters had bandannas tied across their faces, guerrilla-style – scrambled for cover. For weeks, Occupy protesters had been complaining about heavy-handed police tactics, but this evidence didn't make anyone think of the Rodney King tape. It looked like a military crackdown in the West Bank. ¶ The projectile that struck Olsen fractured his skull and left him in critical condition. More crucially for the narrative, Olsen turned out to be a 24-year-old ex-Marine who'd survived two tours of duty in Iraq. For a movement supposedly without leaders, this sort of compelling personal story was enough to make

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Occupy Oakland feels far more militant and confrontational than Occupy Wall Street. "We don't believe police are part of the 99 percent," says a protest organizer.

cranes longshoremen use to load the ships, and which, according to Oakland lore, a young George Lucas (who lives in nearby Marin County) used as inspiration for the AT-AT Walkers from the ice-planet scenes in *The Empire Strikes Back*. Lucas refuted this rumor, but it surely influenced the unofficial title of today's Occupy Oakland action: Occupy Strikes Back. The plan involves shutting down the port, not only in Oakland but in a half-dozen other cities. According to protest planners, these ports "play a pivotal role in the flow and growth of capital for the one percent in this country and internationally [and are] the ideal place to disrupt their profit machine." Goldman Sachs, in fact, owns a stake in one of the big port operators, and the unions of port workers have been under attack.

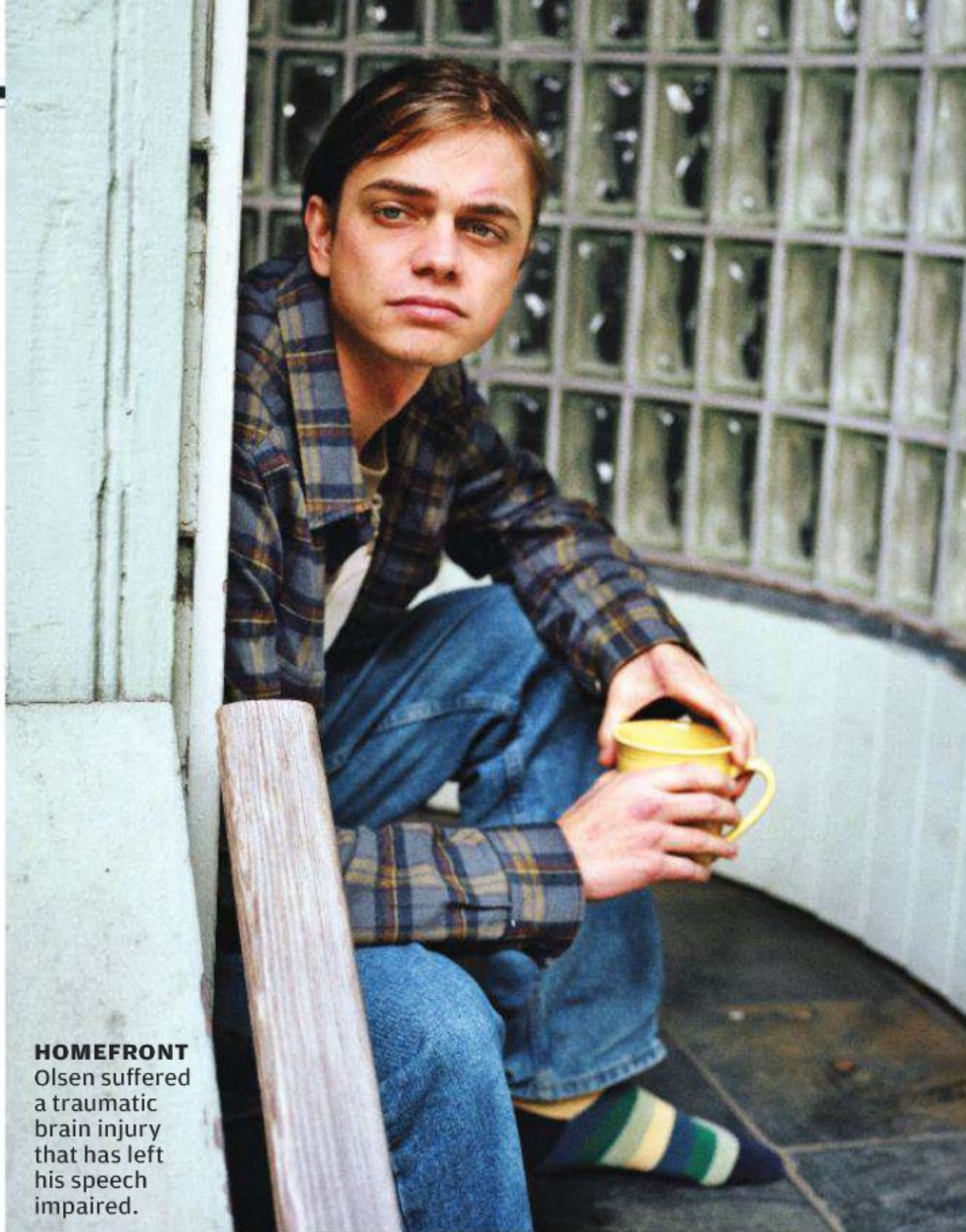
Oakland has a long and storied radical history. In 1896, *The San Francisco Chronicle* described the writer Jack London as "the boy socialist of Oakland... holding forth nightly to the crowds that throng City Hall Park" – now Frank Ogawa Plaza, where Occupy Oakland set up its camp. In the Sixties, the Black Panther Party was founded here by Huey Newton and Bobby Seale, and historic tension between black residents and the police have added to a feeling of war between the cops and the Occupiers. Occupy Oakland renamed Frank Ogawa Plaza after Oscar Grant, the unarmed 22-year-old black man who was fatally shot in the back by a white police officer while lying on the platform of an Oakland BART station. (The officer later claimed he thought he'd been using his Taser and not his gun.)

As a result, Occupy Oakland feels far more militant and confrontational than Occupy Wall Street. "We don't believe police are part of the 99 percent in Oakland," says Barucha Peller, one of the principal organizers of the port shutdown. "Maybe materially, but not ideologically. People here are very accustomed to police brutalizing people of color, and they understand the state will protect capital." Melvin Kelley, a 19-year-old Oakland resident who is part of the Tactical Action Committee, puts it more succinctly: "If you have a protest here, people's gonna come out just to support the 'fuck tha police' cause."

Olsen had said he wasn't nervous about returning to the scene of his injury. But climbing the stairs at the Frank Ogawa Plaza BART station, he glances at me and says, "Time to put my. Game face on."

Occupy Oakland is much more racially diverse than Occupy Wall Street. As with other Occupations, there's a heady carnival vibe, laced with serious debate and an old-fashioned communitarian civility. If someone bumps into you, they say, politely, "Excuse me, brother." People hold

Contributing editor MARK BINELLI wrote "Marijuanamerica" in RS 1101.



HOMEFRONT

Olsen suffered a traumatic brain injury that has left his speech impaired.

signs reading “Decolonize Oakland: Occupied Since 1492.” There’s a guy wearing a *V for Vendetta* mask and a tent. The tent is slipped over his head, like a poncho, and on the side it reads “We Will Provale” [sic], with the “o” drawn as a peace symbol. In the crowd, a man with a beard tells another man with a beard, “The track record of revolutionary parties leaves me a little skeptical.” Another guy, wearing a hoodie and a bandanna covering most of his face, leans down to a young woman and asks, “You on Twitter?”

Despite the gray skies, about 2,000 people have gathered around the park. Most seem to recognize Olsen, who receives a steady stream of fist bumps, shoulder clasps and quiet thank-yous as he looks for his friends. He’s gracious to a fault about his new fame, patiently giving interviews to Al Jazeera, NPR and a kid using his iPhone as a recording device.

The former Occupation campground has become a vast, muddy field. Otherwise, the air is festive, with a tinge of revolutionary danger. When a cop tries to film the proceedings with a camcorder, an angry mob confronts him and begins chanting, “Go away!” An early-morning march had successfully closed down much of the port of Oakland, and similar actions had taken place in Portland, Seattle and San Diego. After the current

rally, there would be another march to the port, about two and a half miles away, and there was already talk of extending the Oakland port shutdown to cover the overnight shift, all of which added up to about \$4 million in lost business, according to port authorities.

Olsen spots a white Veterans for Peace flag and makes his way through the crowd. The young man holding the flag, a Navy veteran named Josh Shepherd, is a friend. “I was with this guy when he went down,” Shepherd says, nodding at Olsen. That morning, the police had cleared out the park and set up a barricade. By evening, Occupiers returned to take back the park. Shepherd and Olsen had shown up in uniform – Josh in crisp dress blues, Scott in a camouflage jacket – and intentionally placed themselves between the police line and the seething, chanting protesters. “I swore an oath, which is an oath to the Constitution, not to protect some bullshit local ordinances,” Shepherd says. “I thought our uniforms might be a sanity check for the cops.” He smiles ruefully. “That didn’t work out so well.”

In the chaos that followed, Shepherd lost track of Olsen, and didn’t realize until later in the evening that his friend had been hurt. In the Navy, where he served for six years, Shepherd had been a computer tech, and he says that’s part of his

attraction to Occupy: He simply couldn’t believe the amount of money being wasted overseas. “It cost \$16 million to redo the computers in my little section,” he says. “They spent \$300 million on the computers on *my ship alone*. And that’s one small ship in a huge navy.”

The Occupy organizers want Olsen to address the crowd. He tries to beg off, saying he doesn’t really have anything prepared, but they won’t really take no for an answer – from Jessica Lynch to Ron Kovic, military folk have long held irresistible symbolic value for both left and right – and so Olsen finds himself led toward the (actual, not human) microphone. Activist Angela Davis, holding a little white dog, stops Olsen to shake his hand and tell him she’s glad he’s feeling better. Boots Riley, the flamboyantly Afro’d MC of the radical Bay Area hip-hop group the Coup, and one of the most visible faces of Occupy Oakland, claps Olsen on the back and introduces him to the crowd. Olsen tells the protesters he appreciates their “positive energy,” adding, “Stay peaceful. Stay safe. And let’s do some real. Action today.”

The crowd roars. Nearby, someone has set up a large funeral wreath with a sign reading “RIP Capitalism.” A middle-aged man pushing an infant in a stroller leans down to the little girl clutching his hand and says softly, “You know what that means? *Rest in peace, capitalism!*”

O LSEN GREW UP IN ONALASKA, Wisconsin, a riverside suburb of La Crosse, where he played hockey, skateboarded and liked Insane Clown Posse enough to get a pair of Juggalo tattoos on his upper arms. Other than an uncle who’d served in Vietnam, Olsen doesn’t come from a military family – his mom works as a caretaker for mentally disabled adults, his father as a computer programmer – but Scott enlisted at 17, “under the impression,” he notes wryly, “we were facing a dire existential threat.”

Olsen had always been into computers, and during his two deployments, both in Iraq’s Al Anbar province, he worked as a network administrator, a dangerous enough job when you consider how much time he spent on the road servicing area bases. “Luckily, our Humvees had armor,” Olsen says. (In the deployment prior to Olsen’s, the Humvees still had canvas doors.)

It was sometime during his initial deployment (“pump,” in Olsen’s militarese) that he began to experience his first pangs of doubt about the war. Fox News constantly played in the chow halls, but the cheerleading Olsen heard from the pundit generalissimos didn’t jibe with the utter purposelessness of what he’d been witnessing on the ground. Still, he wasn’t politically engaged enough to research con-

scientious objection (though it fleetingly crossed his mind) or to bother to get his absentee ballot together in time to vote for his preferred 2008 candidate (Obama).

Then he got kicked out, eight months prior to completion of service. The technical term was “administrative discharge,” which could apply to any number of infractions. Olsen insists he’d love (“love love love” is the exact quote) to discuss the circumstances of his departure from the Marine Corps, but says he can’t while the ruling, which he hopes will be overturned, remains under appeal. The right-wing blogosphere, of course, wasted no time in combing through Olsen’s online presence, which included shots on his Flickr stream of a marijuana plant and a web forum he’d started called “I Hate the Marine Corps.” Olsen doesn’t back away from the latter website, which he and a buddy came up with one night in the barracks, “sitting around drinking beer and, as usual, bitching about our day,” prompting Olsen to register the domain name and write the code that very night, the idea being Marines should have a place to speak freely without fear of punishment. The site expired when Olsen switched servers, but he says the criticism has inspired him to start it up again.

A June 17th, 2010, post on another Marine Corps message board by someone with the chat name *ihatethemarinecorps* also sounded very much like Olsen. Responding to the discussion topic “the most annoying thing you’ve been called in the MC,” *ihatethemarinecorps* cites “data dink, data dude, data shut the FUCK UP!” and goes on to casually mention [sic] “talking to my 1stsgt regarding a pending adsep [administrative separation] since i had been accused of using cocaine.”

Regardless of what led to his dismissal, Olsen’s post-military college plans went out the window, as the adsep made him ineligible for the GI Bill. Instead, he took a systems-administrator job at an Illinois company that made landscaping products like mulch. When unions seized the Wisconsin state capitol to protest Republican governor Scott Walker’s attacks on public-sector workers’ rights to collective bargaining, Olsen took a personal day and drove up to Madison. “That was the first time I occupied,” he says. Not long after that, a friend from the Marines persuaded him to move to San Francisco for a job at a software company. Olsen didn’t know anybody in the Bay Area except for his roommate and some friends he made at the local chapter of Iraq Veterans Against the War.

In many ways, there’s a natural constituency for the Occupy movement in the U.S. military, with its long history of dubious governmental spending and a workforce that’s exploited almost by definition. Today, veterans have a higher unemployment rate than civilians, along with high-

er rates of homelessness and suicide. Olsen’s friends at IVAW include people like Dottie Guy, a 29-year-old Army veteran from Halifax, Virginia, who was sent to Iraq without armor plates in her vest and remains unemployed thanks to a lingering foot injury, and Matt Howard, a 29-year-old Marine who served near Fallujah and watched as military personnel making 30 grand a year, with wives back home on federal assistance, were “downsized” in favor of contractors being paid three times as much. Howard says he joined up for the same reason as many of his colleagues: to escape from a small town, save up some money for college.

Olsen will second all of these complaints about the military. But he admits his camping at Occupy San Francisco started, in large part, out of a craving for community. “It was that more than anything,” Olsen acknowledges. “It was just so great to go there and find somebody new to

When he got to Iraq, Olsen began to experience his first pangs about the war. The cheerleading he heard from Fox News didn’t jibe with what he saw on the ground.

talk to, somebody who wants to listen to you.” That’s the social-media aspect of the popular uprisings of 2011 that has been largely ignored: how the more perpetually connected we feel online, the more crazy-making the dissonance of real-world isolation becomes, and the more it drives people (like Scott Olsen) to turn away from their screens (or, more likely, take their screens with them) and head for the public square.

Olsen began living full-time at Occupy San Francisco. In the morning, he’d wake up around seven, get a free breakfast at the Occupy kitchen and walk the mile or so to work, occasionally stopping by his apartment to shower and recharge. One day after work, on his way back to the campground, he read a call for support on Twitter put out by Occupy Oakland. “So I thought, ‘Fuck it,’ and got on the BART train,” Olsen says. “I had nothing better to do that night.”

He can’t remember getting shot in the head, though everything else about the night remains vivid. Getting intel updates, via text, from a friend in Illinois who was watching a live helicopter feed. Being car-

ried away by people asking his name, and not being able to answer, but wanting to. Worrying about his backpack. Worrying about having to fill out paperwork in the ER. Still not being able to speak. Hearing a nurse say something about morphine and thinking, “All right...”

Olsen tells me most of this story while sitting in a little park near the office where he used to work. He’s still on leave, receiving speech therapy, but he wanted to get a shawarma from one of his favorite lunch spots. (He developed a taste for Middle Eastern food in Iraq.) As he speaks, whenever he gets stuck on a word – often words beginning with “st” or “th” – he stares straight ahead and his lips start to quiver slightly.

St-st-STEPPING.

He’s pulled his bandanna low on his forehead, and with just a tug it would cover his eyes and he’d become a blindfolded guy awaiting his last cigarette and the firing squad.

The girl behind the counter at the gyro spot recognized him – he used to be a regular – and asked in a teasing voice, pointing at his neck brace, “What happened to you?”

“The Oakland police. Shot me in the head,” Olsen told her.

Her eyes widened. “Oh! That’s crazy! They shouldn’t be able to do that.” Olsen agreed with this. The older guy making the gyros called out from the kitchen that he supported the Occupy movement.

BOOTHS RILEY HAPPENED TO be performing in New York shortly after Occupy Wall Street began. He stopped by Zuccotti Park and came away feeling the process of decision-making by general assembly was overly drawn out. Back home, he checked out Occupy Oakland on occasion, but it wasn’t until Olsen got hurt that the movement’s potential dawned on him. For the first time since Occupy began, the national focus had shifted from New York to the West Coast. In the wake of police violence and Olsen’s injury, Occupy Oakland called a general strike. Five percent of city employees didn’t show up for work that day; an estimated 10,000 demonstrators shut down the port. Riley, who was becoming one of the most prominent spokespeople for Occupy Oakland, told *San Francisco Weekly*, “This is just a warning, like us flashing our guns and saying, ‘This is the power that we have.’”

A series of events at Occupy Oakland – Olsen’s injury; rioting by a small group of window-smashing anarchists during the general strike; the shooting death on the outskirts of the camp – have only added to Oakland’s reputation as a possible tinderbox. At the same time, Oakland’s willingness to directly attack the problems of labor and production has made it one of the more exciting and potentially disruptive branches of the movement.

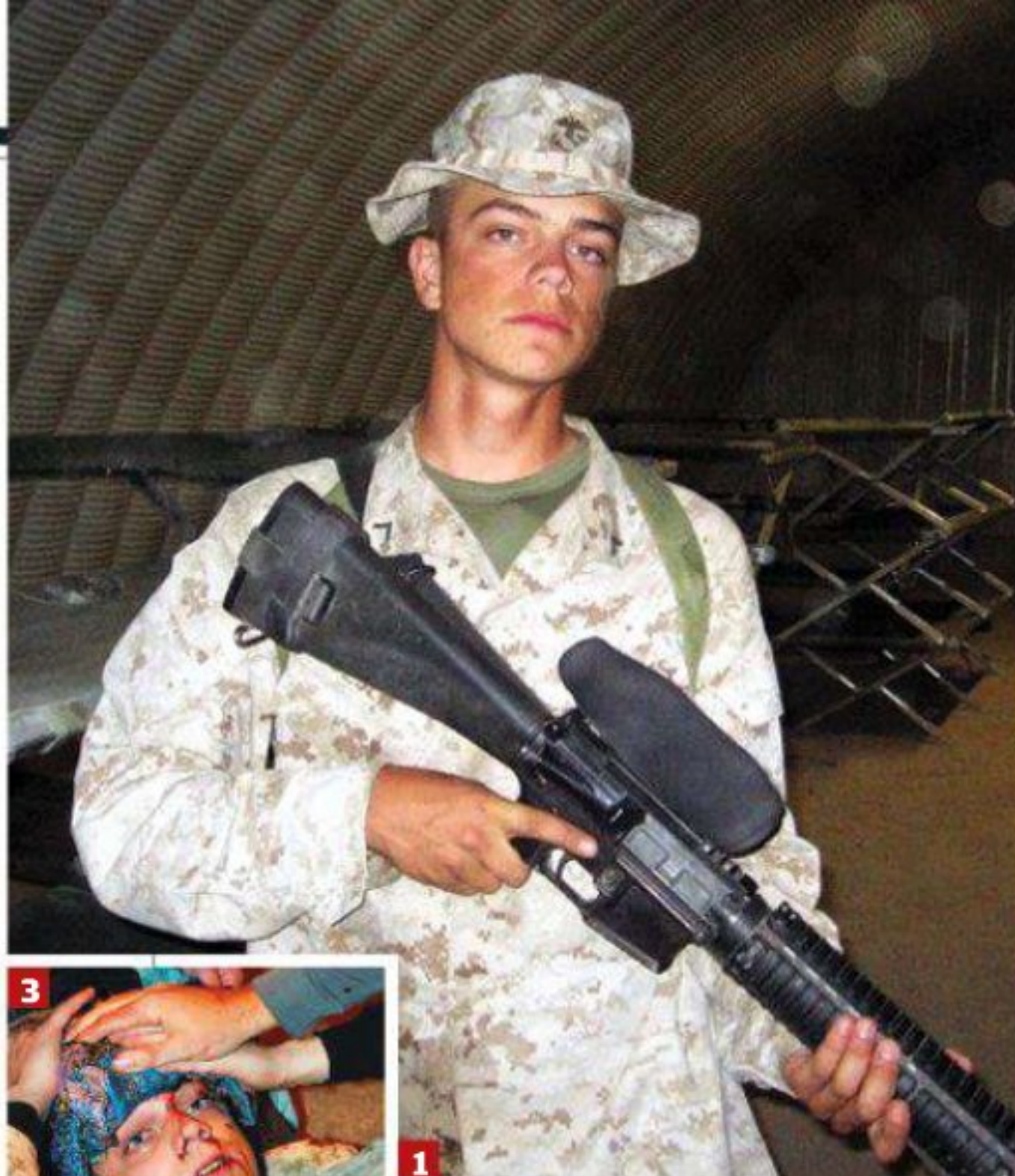
Several thousand protesters turned up for the march on the port. Everyone was nervous about Olsen getting hurt again. At one point, organizer Barucha Peller pulled me aside and asked, "Will you be sticking near Scott today? If the police attack us, can I call you?"

But the police kept their distance, and the march was peaceful, almost merrily triumphant. Olsen led the way, clutching the center of a long "Port Closing" banner featuring an image of Bart Simpson wearing a guerrilla bandana. As the sun went down, the clouds turned pink in the soft California light, and even the cranes looked less ominous in the distance, backlit so prettily. A bicycle brigade raced ahead to scout for potential police trouble, while marchers chanted things like "Whose streets? *Our* streets!" and "The system has got to *die*! Hella hella *Occupy*!" Finally, word came down, before we reached the port, that the authorities had thrown in the towel and canceled the 7 p.m. shift. Cheers broke out. A mic check was called and Boots Riley announced the group would continue to the port and hold a general assembly.

There was no longer a feeling of danger or confrontation, only the heady air of victory. At the port, a bunch of kids climb atop one of the idling semi-trucks. The driver seems amused. A New Orleans-style brass band begins playing – note to Occupy Wall Street: this is much better than tribal drumming! – and Olsen changes into a more incognito outfit, pulling on a pair of loose blue pants and a hippie poncho. "Now I look like. Any stoner," he says, smiling. Keith Olbermann had asked him to appear on *Countdown* tonight, but Olsen declined. He didn't want to miss this.

A slightly haggard man with a white beard and a walrus mustache approaches Olsen and, like many before him, offers his thanks. He turns out to be a veteran too. He wants to give his first name only, Jack.

Jack had been helping out at Occupy Santa Cruz, because they needed people with first-aid experience and he'd worked as a paramedic. "The last time anything like this happened in this country, I was in Vietnam," Jack tells me. "I had a different job back then. I was killing people." He shrugs. "I'm hopeful, but I don't want to get excited. I've seen things like this become flashes in the pan. What's the best we can hope for? If anyone here thinks the one percent will give away anything to the rest



Marine Down

(1) Olsen served two tours with the Marines in Iraq. (2) After leaving the corps, he worked as a programmer in the Bay Area. (3) He was shot after placing himself between fellow protesters and police.



of us, they're delusional. It won't happen without a real fight." At this last line, a dark glint comes into his eye. He's clearly not talking about more protests. "I'm afraid that's what has to happen. During Vietnam, it almost jumped off in that direction with us soldiers. Remember, *we* were the ones with guns. There was a reason so many lieutenants were getting fragged out there." He laughs mordantly. "You have to watch history, man, or it'll repeat itself."

As Occupy regroups, there will no doubt be debates over whether to adopt Oakland's more confrontational approach nationally or to press on with the awareness-raising teach-in vibe of Occupy Wall Street, which so far has been highly effective in shifting the political debate – in part, one suspects, because many of the protesters in Zuccotti Park seem so nice. (And, one further suspects, so white.) It's a classic tactical argument: propaganda by word, as anarchists used to call political theorists, versus propaganda by deed, their euphemism for people willing to blow things up.

"Here's the thing we've got to remember," Riley says. "Every progressive movement in U.S. history has been portrayed negative-

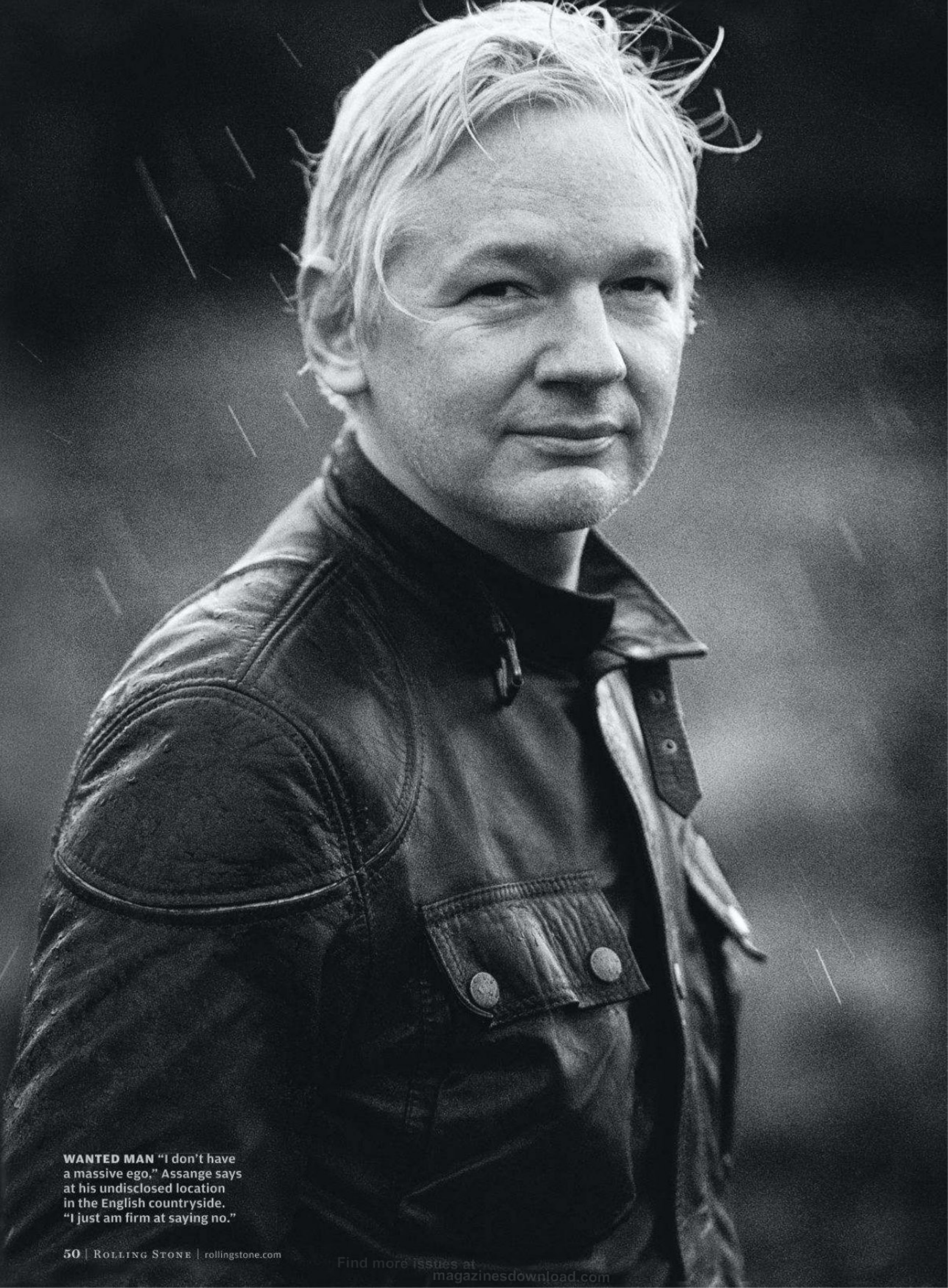
ly by the media at the time it happened. Look at articles about the Montgomery bus boycott while it was happening. It's kind of like with black music, the way it's always the music from black people 30 years ago that's the good shit. And music that black people are making right now is the ignorant shit. That's always the story."

Riley did not vote for Obama in 2008 – he has described himself as a communist and on principle only votes for propositions and ballot initiatives, not candidates – and he has no plans to support the president in 2012. "If this movement gets involved in electoral politics, that will kill it," he predicts. "The anti-war movement was strong right before Kerry ran, and then it got turned into a pro-Kerry movement. Killed it. The folks that are suggesting Occupy move to electoral politics are ignoring history, ignoring what actually creates change. People get involved in electoral politics because they think there is no movement that can create change. But now we have one, and we have to continue to create a movement that can stop industry at will around whatever demand. At that point, we'll get politicians to do whatever we want them to."

Olsen also expresses ambivalence about the political system as it stands. He thinks more highly of Ron Paul than a number of politicians on the left –

he doesn't agree with Paul's politics, but he respects the fact that he hasn't been bought. Before he goes back to work, he's also thinking about how he might put his newfound fame to positive use, perhaps embarking on what he's calling an "Occupy crawl" to other locations around the country.

"Honestly, I don't know if we'll see anything directly attributable to Occupy happen in the political world," Olsen says. "It would be great if we could get money out of politics, if we could end all of our wars, if we could..." He trails off. "These are the things we're fighting for. But the commonality among just about everybody out there, whether they call themselves a libertarian or an anarchist or a communist, is that they want politics returned to the people. And that's what I think will happen. We're not going to give up until we feel like we are being properly represented." Olsen, the accidental radical icon, flashes a tight smile. He starts talking about his own injury and subsequent notoriety again, though maybe he's also speaking about the Occupy movement as a whole. Olsen says, "I don't want to see this go to waste."



WANTED MAN "I don't have a massive ego," Assange says at his undisclosed location in the English countryside. "I just am firm at saying no."

Julian

Assange

The Rolling Stone Interview

Under house arrest in England, the WikiLeaks founder opens up about his battle with the *Times*, his stint in solitary and the future of journalism **By Michael Hastings**

IT'S A FEW DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND JULIAN ASSANGE has just finished moving to a new hide-out deep in the English countryside. The two-bedroom house, on loan from a WikiLeaks supporter, is comfortable enough, with a big stone fireplace and a porch out back, but it's not as grand as the country estate where he spent the past 363 days under house arrest, waiting for a British court to decide wheth-

er he will be extradited to Sweden to face allegations that he sexually molested two women he was briefly involved with in August 2010.

Assange sits on a tattered couch, wearing a wool sweater, dark pants and an electronic manacle around his right ankle, visible only when he crosses his legs. At 40, the WikiLeaks founder comes across more like an embattled rebel commander than a

hacker or journalist. He's become better at handling the media – more willing to answer questions than he used to be, less likely to storm off during interviews – but the protracted legal battle has left him isolated, broke and vulnerable. Assange recently spoke to someone he calls a Western “intelligence source,” and he asked the official about his fate. Will he ever be a free man again, allowed to return to his native Australia, to come and go as he pleases? “He told me I was fucked,” Assange says.

“Are you fucked?” I ask.

Assange pauses and looks out the window. The house is surrounded by rolling fields and quiet woods, but they offer him little in the way of escape. The British Supreme Court will hear his extradition appeal on February 1st – but even if he wins, he will likely still remain a wanted man. Interpol has issued a so-called “red notice” for his arrest on behalf of Swedish authorities for questioning in “connection with a number of sexual offenses” – Qaddafi, accused of war crimes, earned only an “orange notice” – and the U.S. government has branded him a “high-tech terrorist,” unleashing a massive and unprecedented investigation designed to depict Assange’s journalism as a form of international espionage. Ever since November 2010, when WikiLeaks embarrassed and infuriated the world’s governments with the release of what became known as Cablegate, some 250,000 classified diplomatic cables from more than 150 countries, the group’s supporters have found themselves detained at airports, subpoenaed to testify before a grand jury, and ordered to turn over their Twitter accounts and e-mails to authorities.

Assange was always deeply engaged with the world – and always getting into trouble. Born in a small town in Queensland, he spent much of his youth traveling around Australia with his mother and stepfather, who ran a theater company. As a teenager, he discovered computers – his first was a Commodore 64 – and became one of the world’s foremost hackers, going by the name Mendax, Latin for “nobly untruthful.” After breaking into systems at NASA and the Pentagon when he was 16, he was busted on 25 counts of hacking, which prodded him to go straight. But as he traveled the world, working as a tech consultant through much of the 1990s, he continued putting his computer skills to use ensuring freedom of information – a necessary condition, he believes, for democratic self-rule.

“From the glory days of American radicalism, which was the American Revolution, I think that Madison’s view on government is still unequalled,” he tells me during the three days I

censored by governments and corporations, and make them available to the public. After a series of initial successes – publishing leaks about Iceland, Kenya and even a Pentagon document warning of WikiLeaks – Assange rocked the U.S. military in April 2010 with the release of “Collateral Murder,” a video that revealed an American helicopter in Iraq opening fire on unarmed civilians, killing two journalists and several others. He quickly followed up with the release of hundreds of thousands of classified files related to the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, creating an international firestorm. But soon after he began releasing the diplomatic cables, which were widely credited with helping to spark the Arab Spring, he was detained and imprisoned after spending a week with two female supporters in Stockholm, entangling him in a yearlong legal battle to win his own freedom.

Assange agreed to a lengthy interview at his new home, on the condition that the location be kept secret, along with the identities of the core WikiLeaks staffers who have stuck by him since he ran into trouble in Sweden. Though he continues to run the group from captivity, working on what he calls a new set of scoops concerning the private-surveillance industry, the media furor over his personal life has turned him into a pariah among many former supporters, making it difficult for WikiLeaks to raise money. He’s been called a rapist, an enemy combatant, and an agent of both Mossad and the CIA. His two most prominent collaborators – *The New York Times* and *The Guardian* – have repeatedly tarred him as a sexual deviant with bad personal hygiene, while continuing to happily sell books and movie rights about his exploits. His own personality has also proved divisive: He’s charming, brilliant and uncompromising, but he has inspired intense hatred among former colleagues, who portray him as a megalomaniac whose ego has undermined the cause.

When I arrive for my last day with Assange, I’m 45 minutes early. Most of his staff have gone home for the holidays, and he’s alone in the house with only his personal assistant to keep him company. Assange is huddled over a laptop in the dining room he has turned into his office, monitoring what has become his sole focus over the past few days: the trial of Bradley Manning, the 24-year-old Army private alleged to have provided the diplomatic cables to WikiLeaks. Assange has two lawyers representing him in the Maryland courtroom, and his name has been mentioned virtually every day during the initial hearing. The government’s strategy, it has become clear, is to pressure Manning to implicate Assange in espionage – to present his work at WikiLeaks as the act of a spy, not a journalist.

“The *Times* ran in the face of fire; it abandoned us once the heat started from the U.S. administration. In doing so, it also abandoned itself, and it abandoned all journalists.”

spend with him as he settles into his new location in England. “That people determined to be in a democracy, to be their own governments, must have the power that knowledge will bring – because knowledge will always rule ignorance. You can either be informed and your own rulers, or you can be ignorant and have someone else, who is not ignorant, rule over you. The question is, where has the United States betrayed Madison and Jefferson, betrayed these basic values on how you keep a democracy? I think that the U.S. military-industrial complex and the majority of politicians in Congress have betrayed those values.”

In 2006, Assange founded WikiLeaks, a group of hackers and activists that has been dubbed the first “stateless news organization.” The goal, from the start, was to operate beyond the reach of the law, get their hands on vital documents being

When Assange comes into the living room and sits on the couch, a small Jack Russell terrier jumps up onto his lap and remains there for most of the next five hours. “You use two recorders,” Assange says, looking at the digital recorders I’ve put down on the small coffee table. “I usually use three.” But as soon as we start the interview, the phone rings. It’s Daniel Ellsberg, the man who leaked the Pentagon Papers, who had attended the Manning trial with Assange’s lawyers. Ellsberg is in a car driving back to Washington, D.C. “I can hear you,” Assange shouts, ducking into the dining room. “Can you hear me?”

Five minutes later he returns, energized by his talk with America’s most famous whistle-blower. “Where were we?” he says. His assistant brings in two cups of coffee, and the interview begins.

Why is WikiLeaks so focused on defending Bradley Manning?

Manning is alleged to be one of our sources, regardless of whether those allegations are true or not. He has now sat in various U.S. military prisons for the past 600 days as a result of what we published. So we feel that we owe him a duty of care. I have



THE HACKTIVIST
Assange speaking at
Occupy the London Stock
Exchange last October

heard from people close to his defense that it is their view that the abuse of him was in order to get him to testify against us.

I understand that you believe the Justice Department has been attending the hearing, to see how it impacts their investigation into WikiLeaks.

There are three gray-faced men who always show up. They're so furtive: They refuse to identify themselves, or to even make eye contact with our lawyers. They go into the classified hearings when everyone else is kicked out. One of them, we have discovered, is a prosecutor for the Department of Justice on the WikiLeaks investigation. I believe they are there to make sure that the government, in presenting its case against Manning, did not reveal information that was critical to its investigation into us.

In diplomatic cables, the investigation into WikiLeaks by the U.S. government has been called "unprecedented both in its scale and nature." How much do you know about it?

Since last September, a secret grand jury was empaneled in Alexandria, Virginia. There is no defense counsel. There are four prosecutors, according to witnesses who have been forced to testify before the grand jury. The jury itself is taken from the local area, and Alexandria has the highest density of government and military contractors anywhere in the United States. It is a place where the U.S. government chooses to conduct all national-security grand juries and trials because of that makeup of the jury pool.

The investigation has involved most of the U.S. intelligence apparatus, the FBI, the State Department, the United States Army. It has subpoenaed the records of most of my U.S. friends

or acquaintances. Under what are called Patriot Act production orders, the government has also asked for their Twitter records, Google accounts and individual ISPs. The laws which they're working toward an indictment on are the Espionage Act of 1917 and the Computer Fraud and Abuse Act of 1986.

And they're going after Manning, who is facing a life sentence, to get him to say that you're a spy?

To be another chess piece on the board in the attack on us. The U.S. government is trying to redefine what have been long-accepted journalistic methods. If the Pentagon is to have its way, it will be the end of national-security journalism in the United States.

How so?

They're trying to interpret the Espionage Act to say that any two-way communication with a source is a collaboration with a source, and is therefore a conspiracy to commit espionage where classified information is involved. The Pentagon, in fact, issued a public demand to us that we not only destroy everything we had ever published or were ever going to publish in relation to the U.S. government, but that we also stop "soliciting" information from U.S. government employees. The Espionage Act itself does not mention solicitation, but they're trying to create a new legal precedent that includes a journalist simply asking a source to communicate information. A few years ago, for example, the CIA destroyed its waterboarding interrogation videos. In the Manning hearing, prosecutors described how we had a most-wanted list, which included those interrogation videos if they still existed.

The WikiLeaks site had a "most-wanted" list of stories you were eager to get?

This list was not put together by us. We asked for nominations from human rights activists and journalists from around

Contributing editor MICHAEL HASTINGS profiled Gen. Stanley McChrystal in "The Runaway General" (RS 1108/1109).

the world of the information they most wanted, and we put that on a list. The prosecution in the Manning hearing has been attempting to use that list as evidence of our solicitation of information that is likely to be classified, and therefore our complicity in espionage, if we received such information.

From a journalist's perspective, a list like that would be the equivalent of a normal editorial meeting where you list the crown jewels of stories you'd love to get.

Exactly.

So if you're going to jail, then Bob Woodward's going to jail.

Individuals like Sy Hersh and Dana Priest and Bob Woodward constantly say to their sources, "Hey, what about this, have you heard anything about it? I heard that there's been an airstrike in Afghanistan that's killed a bunch of civilians – do you have any more details, and can you prove them with paper?" And all those would be defined as conspiracy to commit espionage under the Pentagon's interpretation.

Given the broader implications, it's surprising that you haven't received much support from what you call the "Anglo-American press." In fact, "The New York Times" and "The Guardian," both of which collaborated with you on releasing some of the documents, have done their best to distance themselves from you.

The *Times* ran in the face of fire; it abandoned us once the heat started from the U.S. administration. In doing so, it also abandoned itself, and it abandoned all journalists working on national-security journalism in the United States.

What the *Times* was concerned about is being swept up in the government's investigation. If Bradley Manning or another U.S. government employee had collaborated with us to provide us with classified information, and we, in turn, collaborated with the *Times* to provide it to the world, then the argument would run that the *Times* had been involved in a conspiracy with us to commit espionage. This is something that the *Times* was deeply concerned about. It said to us that we should never refer to the *Times* as a partner – that was their legal advice.

Bill Keller, the former editor of the "Times," wrote a widely read and lengthy piece that attacked you personally. In it, he says four or five times that "WikiLeaks is a source, they are not a partner."

Keller was trying to save his own skin from the espionage investigation in two ways. First, on a legal technicality, by claiming that there was no collaboration, only a passive relationship between journalist and source. And second, by distancing themselves from us by attacking me personally, using all the standard tabloid character-assassination attacks. Many journal-

"I had never gone through [REDACTED] a sex scandal before. I didn't take it very [REDACTED] seriously to begin with. I thought [REDACTED] that it would [REDACTED] disappear immediately."

ists at the *Times* have approached me to say how embarrassed they were at the lowering of the tone by doing that. Keller also came out and said how pleased the White House was with them that they had not run WikiLeaks material the White House had asked them not to. It is one thing to do that, and it's another thing to proudly proclaim it. Why did Keller feel the need to tell the world how pleased the White House was with him? For the same reason he felt the need to describe how dirty my socks were. It is not to convey the facts – rather, it is to convey a political alignment. You heard this explicitly: Keller said, "Julian Assange may or may not be a journalist, but he's not my kind

of journalist." My immediate reaction is, "Thank God I'm not Bill Keller's type of journalist."

The publishing mindset at WikiLeaks, it's fair to say, is radically different than that of the mainstream press. Where a newspaper that received 500,000 documents might release 20, you released all of them.

Cablegate is 3,000 volumes of material. It is the greatest intellectual treasure to have entered into the public record in modern times. The *Times* released just over 100 cables. There are over 251,000 cables in Cablegate. So our approach is quite different to that of the *Times*. The *Times* in its security arrangements was only concerned with preventing *The Washington Post* from finding out what it was doing. But it told the U.S. government every single cable that it wanted to publish.

And in return, the "Times" has basically portrayed you as a pariah, despite being responsible for getting them all this incredible material, as well as setting up an innovative organization to gather and process all the leaked data.

Absolutely no honor or gratitude. I don't wish to make light of the difficulties the *Times* faces in working in the United States, but I do think it could have managed those difficulties in a more honorable way.

After the Afghan war diaries came out, the *Times* ran a hostile profile of Bradley Manning that psychologized him into being a sad, mad fag, and can only be described as a tabloid piece. Then, when we published the Iraq War logs, we discovered details about the deaths of more than 100,000 civilians, and details of the torture of more than 1,000 people. Every other paper ran the story. The United Nations and a number of countries investigated the allegations, and even the U.S. military's own internal documents referred to the abuses as torture. Yet the *Times* refused to use the word "torture" at all. Instead, they ran a sleazy hit piece against me on the front page that was factually inaccurate. It said, for instance, that I had been charged with sexual abuse when I had not, and that 12 people had defected from our organization when we had suspended one. I don't mind taking a hit, but it must be factually accurate. For the *Times* to descend into a tabloid hit piece on the front page when we had just exposed the deaths of more than 100,000 civilians was not commensurate.

"Collateral Murder" – the video you released in April 2010 showing a U.S. helicopter gunship firing on a group of Iraqi civilians, including two Reuters journalists and two children – was the first scoop that got you major media attention. You learned that "The Washington Post" actually had the video and had been sitting on it.

A *Post* reporter named David Finkel had the video. We had sources who explained that he had even shown them the video in his home. Yet he concealed it.

Finkel's response was, "There were a lot of bad days in Iraq."

He had been embedded with ground troops in that area for some nine months on the ground. He had clearly developed too close an affinity for the people he was embedded with and came out essentially campaigning on their behalf after the

release of the video.

Were those kinds of failings by the mainstream media what inspired you to start WikiLeaks?

The things that informed me most were my experiences in fighting for freedom of the press, freedom to communicate knowledge – which, in the end, is freedom from ignorance. Secondly, my experiences in understanding how the military-intelligence complex works at a practical level. I saw that publishing all over the world was deeply constrained by self-censorship, economics and political censorship, while the military-industrial complex was growing at a tremendous rate, and



Out From Down Under

Assange at age nine, in his backyard in Australia (1). Leaving a Melbourne court (2), where he faced charges of computer hacking at age 24, and exiting a British courtroom (3) after initially losing his extradition appeal in November.



the amount of information that it was collecting about all of us vastly exceeded the public imagination.

You first registered the domain name for leaks.org back in 1999, when you were working on encryption technology for dissidents and human rights workers. That was before the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon enabled the government to dramatically expand its power to keep information secret and spy on its own citizens.

Yes. On September 11th, I was on the phone with a friend, discussing encryption algorithms. Very quickly, within an hour, I saw what the counter-reaction would be, and that all the proposals that the military-industrial complex had to spy on everyone, to remove probable cause, to increase its funding, would be rushed forward again. That's precisely what happened.

Then, two years later, the U.S. invaded Iraq.

The creation of WikiLeaks was, in part, a response to Iraq. There were a number of whistle-blowers who came out in relation to Iraq, and it was clear to me that what the world was missing in the days of Iraq propaganda was a way for inside sources who knew what was really going on to communicate that information to the public. Quite a few who did ended up in very dire circumstances, including David Kelly, the British scientist who either committed suicide or was murdered over his revelations about weapons of mass destruction. The Iraq War was the biggest issue for people of my generation in the West. It was also the clearest case, in my living memory, of media manipulation and the creation of a war through ignorance.

Before the scoops that centered on the U.S. government – the logs and cables regarding Afghanistan and Iraq – your focus was on other countries.

Initially we thought that our greatest role would be in China and some former Soviet states and in Africa. We did have early successes in Africa. I lived in Kenya in 2007, and we were able to source a document that exposed billions of dollars of corruption by the former president Daniel arap Moi and his cronies. The evidence ended up swinging the vote by 10 percent and changing the Kenyan election. But Moi's corruption didn't exist in Kenya alone. The money looted from

Kenya was deposited into London banks, properties and businesses, into New York properties. There is no large-scale corruption in the developing world without Western corruption. That was an important lesson to me.

Another important lesson was that, very quickly, we started receiving information from what we presumed to be disaffected U.S. government employees about the actions of the U.S. military. The United States has historically been a relatively open society. But within the United States, there is a shadow state, and that is the U.S. military, which, as of September, held 4.3 million security clearances. That is equal to the population of New Zealand. That is a closed, totalitarian society that gathers and stores more information than any other society in the world.

WikiLeaks has been credited, even by its critics, with fueling the Arab Spring, and even Occupy Wall Street. Was this your plan? Did you imagine you could have this kind of impact?

We planned for most of what has occurred over the past 12 months. It is fair to say we're unexpectedly delighted that those plans came to fruition.

In relation to the Arab Spring, the way I looked at this back in October of 2010 is that the power structures in the Middle East are interdependent, they support each other. If we could release enough information fast enough about many of these powerful individuals and organizations, their ability to support each other would be diminished. They'd have to fight their own local battles – they'd have to turn inward to deal with the domestic political fallout from the information. And therefore they would not have the resources to prop up surrounding countries.

Would you like to see those regimes fall? What's the end result you're looking for?

When you shake something up, you have a chance to rebuild. But we're not interested in shaking something up just for the hell of it. I believe that if we look at what makes a civilization civilized, it is people understanding what is really going on. When Gutenberg invented the printing press, the end result was that people who knew something of what was going on could convey that information to others. And as a result of the Internet, we are now living in a time where it's a lot easier to convey what we know about our corner of the world and share it with others.

Do you think governments should be allowed to keep some secrets?

This is a question that is much more interesting than the answer. In some cases – tracking down organized crime, say – government officials have an obligation to keep their investigations secret at the moment that they are performing them. Similarly, a doctor has an obligation to keep information about your med-

ical records secret under most circumstances. This is a question about obligations. It is absurd to suggest that simply because a police officer may have the obligation to keep secret certain information relating to an investigation, that the entire world also must be subject to a coercive force.

When people talk about your childhood, the two main words used to describe you are "nomadic" and "hacker." You first got into trouble when you were 17 for hacking into Pentagon networks, as well as several Australian sites. It seems in some ways that you've been engaged in a lifelong campaign against authority.

I haven't had a lifelong campaign against authority. Legitimate authority is important. All human systems require authority, but authority must be granted as a result of the informed consent of the governed. Presently, the consent, if there is any, is not informed, and therefore it's not legitimate. To communicate knowledge, we must protect people's privacy – and so I have been, for 20 years, developing systems and policy and ideals to protect people's rights to communicate privately without government interference, without government surveillance. The right to communicate without government surveillance is important, because surveillance is another form of censorship. When people are frightened that what they are saying may be overheard by a power that has the ability to lock people up, then they adjust what they're saying. They start to self-censor.

Growing up in Australia, what were the experiences that made you who you are? Was it getting into trouble as a hacker?

I lived a Tom Sawyer boyhood, which I think is a good childhood. Very physically adventurous on different islands and in the Outback and tropical regions, having small gangs of other boys, riding my horse, going into bat caves, exploring drainage systems and forests, hunting tropical fish.

I suppose the distinctive moments you have growing up, other than physical moments, are moral moments, so I designed and built a complex raft once. My plan at age 12 was to spend the night on the raft on the Richmond River, which is known to have bronze whaler sharks in it. All my friends said it was a great idea. So we went to do it, but all but one of them chickened out when it actually came to spending the night in the dark on the river.

A week later, the raft was stolen, and I managed to track down the people who took it. They were boys a couple of years older. We ran a mission at night to hijack it back, cut it loose, and let it drift downstream. The raft drifted out into the middle of the river. We paced along and the river got wider and wider, and I realized I'd have to dive in to get it, there in the middle of

"I'm accused of everything [redacted] from being a cat torturer to being a rapist. The [redacted] only ones I have left to look forward [redacted] to are [redacted] bestiality and pedophilia."

the night, with no one else. Thoughts of bronze whaler sharks started entering my head. I instructed my body to jump, but it refused to do so under those conditions. So even I have had that moment where I was a coward, but I think the situation called for it.

Did you like high school?

I went to many schools because I was touring with my parents' theater company. Some I did like, some I did not. I experienced a great variety of different types of people and educational systems, and it was hard to preserve some long-term childhood friendships, although I did develop some. It gave

me a sense of perspective, which I think ultimately became important.

Did you go through a drug phase at university? Pot, or anything like that?

I was a bit of a stereotyped intellectual, other than being physically adventurous as a teenager. I'd do experiments on all my friends and write up the results, but I'd never take any myself.

So you never tried...

As for what happened subsequently, I think under the circumstances I'll just be quiet about my adult private life. There is something, actually. While not being a Calvinist, if you're striving to change the world in an important way, then it is beholden on you to, if you're opposing the actions of companies like Philip Morris, to not actually buy their products.

Let's talk about some of the attacks on you. Even many of those closest to you say you're difficult to work with. Are you?

I think the question is very interesting.

Spoken like someone who's difficult to work with.

I think your question is very interesting, and where does it come from? Well, when *The Guardian* broke their Cablegate contract with us, when we told *The New York Times* to piss off because of them sucking up to the White House, then these two groups tried to say that the reason we told them to piss off is simply a matter of my character as opposed to a fundamental institutional incompatibility. We say *The Guardian* broke its contract, the *Times* engaged in shoddy, tabloid journalism, fearful, uncourageous journalism, and so to defend themselves against that, they say, "Oh, no, it's because Mr. Assange's socks were dirty," or, "He's an extremely difficult person to work with."

But some who have worked with you over the years also paint you in an unfavorable light. You wouldn't be the only person in the media to suffer from a massive ego.

I don't think I have a massive ego. I just am firm at saying no. No, we will not destroy everything we've already published. No, we will continue to publish what we have promised to publish. No, we will not stop dealing with U.S. military leaks. For some people, that comes across as a big ego, when it's just sticking to your ideals.

There has been something of a mini boom industry attacking WikiLeaks and Julian Assange.

There are actually about 100 books so far, but a good 80 of those are opportunistic books that have absolutely no real writing – they're just sort of collations of things. If you're talking proper books, books someone has actually written every word from scratch, there's over a dozen. One of the funniest is a Russian book, which accuses us of being in league to defame Putin.

One of the more interesting books is from Heather Brooke, a writer for "The Guardian." She sounds almost like a scorned lover – she says she "swooned madly" when you first looked at her, then later concluded that you're an asshole. That seems to be a recurring narrative of these stories about you.

[Long pause] I don't think Heather Brooke is particularly interesting. The general phenomenon is interesting. Someone has an involvement to some extent in our work, which they then overstate tremendously to gain authority. They get something from the involvement – a reputation by proximity, information we've collected or some other item of value. Then we're not able to continue the relationship with them at the same degree of involvement, so they feel rejected. When you become a celebrity – at various times, within the English language, I have been the most famous person being discussed in the news – people's behavior shifts. What they lose through the lack of an ongoing relationship seems to be so incredibly valuable to them, so their desire to keep it, or their feeling of loss when they are not able to preserve the inter-

WikiLeaks' Greatest Hits

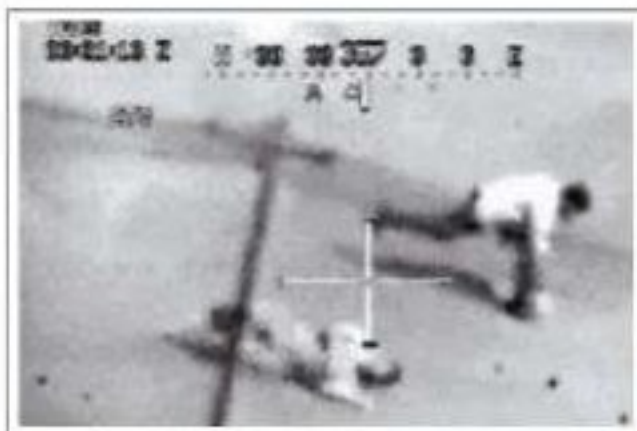
The group is only five years old, but it has already published some of journalism's biggest scoops



Sarah Palin's E-mails

September 17th, 2008

WikiLeaks posts e-mails and photos hacked from Palin's Yahoo account. The e-mails, which WikiLeaks says it received from Anonymous, support charges that Palin was using her personal account to hide official business.



"Collateral Murder"

April 5th, 2010

After an official unveiling by Assange at the National Press Club, WikiLeaks posts a cockpit video depicting the July 2007 killing of at least 12 people in Baghdad, including two Reuters journalists, by a U.S. Apache helicopter.



Afghan War Diary

July 25th, 2010

WikiLeaks posts 76,000 classified military reports from the war in Afghanistan, including details on previously unreported incidents of covert operations against the Taliban and the killings of Afghan civilians by NATO forces.



Iraq War Logs

October 22nd, 2010

In the largest leak of its kind in U.S. military history, the group releases nearly 400,000 U.S. military documents from the Iraq War, shedding light on civilian deaths, detainee abuse and the involvement of Iran.



Cablegate

November 28th, 2010

Working with five leading news outlets, WikiLeaks begins posting 250,000 diplomatic cables from 150 countries. Revelations about the inner workings of corrupt regimes are credited with fueling the Arab Spring.

action, is so extreme that it drives them to do things you would not normally expect people to do. I always thought that A-level celebrities and their complaints about the difficulties of being a celebrity were rather self-indulgent.

But now, being a celebrity yourself, you feel differently?

I've subsequently changed my opinion. Brad Pitt doesn't have a superpower at his back. He just has some crazed fans and paparazzi. But now, having had all three, I must say, I'm not terribly impressed with the experience.

There were stalkers at your previous location. That must have frightened you.

Yes, despite the remoteness of the location – being three hours out of London by fast train, plus another 40 minutes in a car through country roads, and then through a long private driveway into the country house. We had many people try to turn up at the front door or to ambush me at the police station. It coincided with many U.S. politicians, such as Sarah Palin and Newt Gingrich, calling for my assassination or kidnapping. Fortunately,

ly, nearly everyone who attempted to ambush me was supportive in one way or another. They were mostly women who thought they were my fiancée.

Women wanting to marry you? How many over the past year?

Hundreds.

Hundreds of women would show up?

Sometimes also men. We had one, Captain Morgan, who claimed to work for Intel, and was a sea captain. He sold his boat to turn up at the front door, saying we were the only organization on Earth worth working for. One woman from Catalonia took a black cab from London and turned up at our house on the edge of the estate with a £450 taxi bill, which she'd convinced the driver I would pay once our romantic dispute was sorted out. She and the taxi driver convinced one of the neighbors to let them stay the night – the taxi driver refused to leave until he got his money.

There have been groupies. No, I won't call them groupies. Young women who have flown from Norway and Sweden and turned up at the front door. When I was in prison, absurdly, the only people to get any mail through in the first week were six women who wanted to give me cakes and blankets, which I rejected. But apparently there are women who try and visit any famous prisoner of a certain age, and know how to get through the system. Whereas not a single journalist from around the world was able to do so.

Have you been in any serious or significant relationships over the past year?

For security reasons, I can't talk about my intimate private life. I want to make that clear. My children have received death threats and are in hiding. Many people I am close to in a familial way, I have to be extremely cautious about exposing.

What happened in Sweden with the two women who have accused you?

It's before the court, so I can't discuss the case. It is very difficult, being in the position where you can't tell your version of events. It's clear that the matter is absurd, and you can read all about what the prosecution says its case is on the Internet.

By calling it absurd, aren't you implying that these women are making it up?

That's not what I said. I've never criticized the women. I'm saying the *allegations* are absurd. People can read the allegations for themselves. They're not correct, but even as stated, they are absurd.

What the prosecution successfully managed to do is use the word "rape." Although I've not been charged – and technically what they are investigating is called "minor rape," a Swedish concept – that hasn't stopped our opponents from constantly referring to "rape charges," which is false. Back when we last did a survey, in February, there were a total of 33 million references on the Internet to the word "rape" in any context, from Helen of Troy to the Congo. If you search for "rape" and my name, there were just over 20 million. In other words, perceptively, two-thirds of all rapes that have ever happened anywhere in the world, ever, have something to do with me.

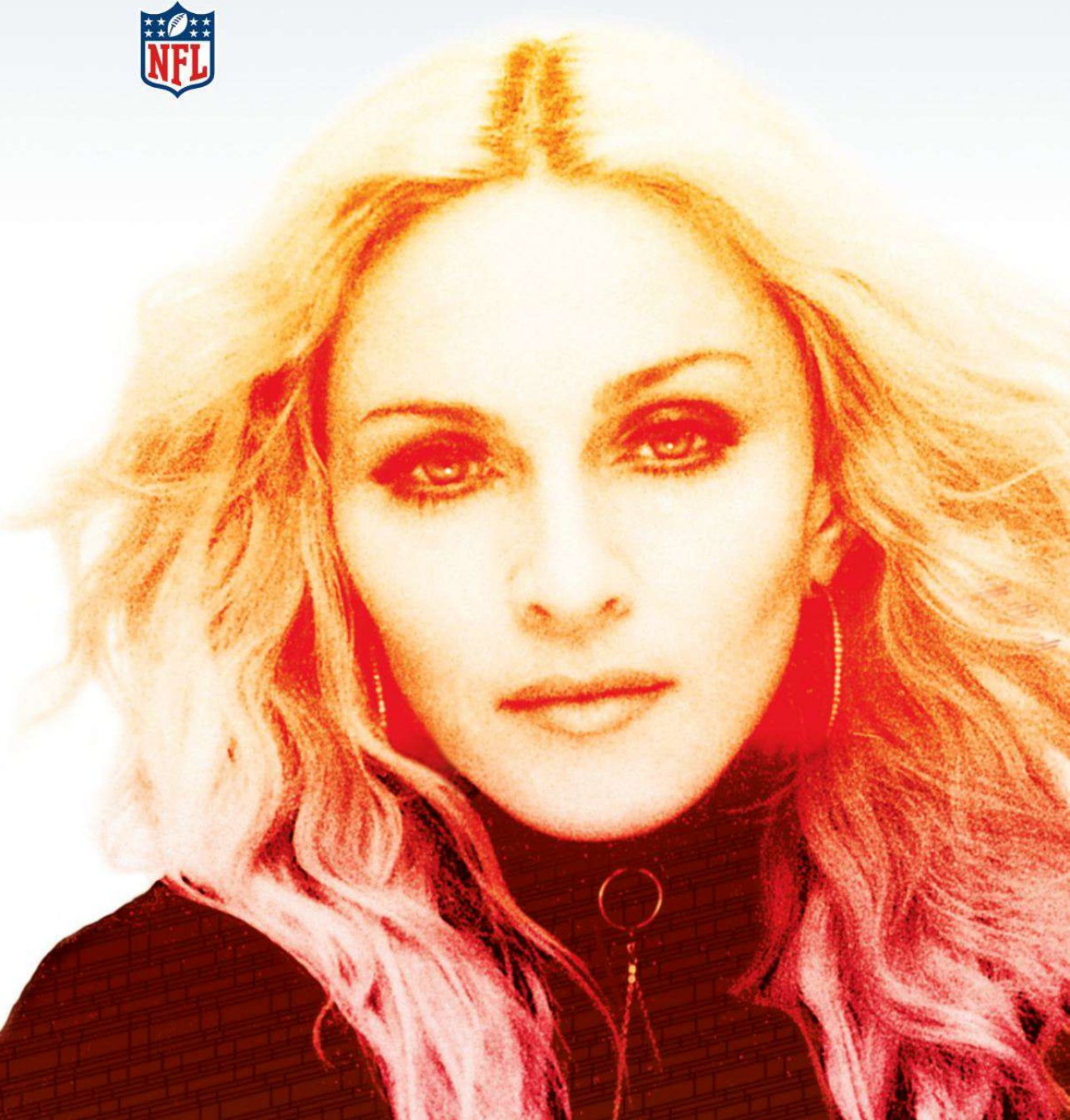
So why not say, "Look, I did nothing wrong, but I'm sorry if I upset these people. These are very serious things, and I'm taking it seriously, and I'll come to Sweden and face these allegations." People who support you wonder why you haven't done that.

I have no faith in the Swedish justice system being just. The International Prison Chaplains Association says that Swedish prisons are the worst prisons in Europe. That covers even Romania, Estonia and so on. That's because in 47 [Cont. on 70]



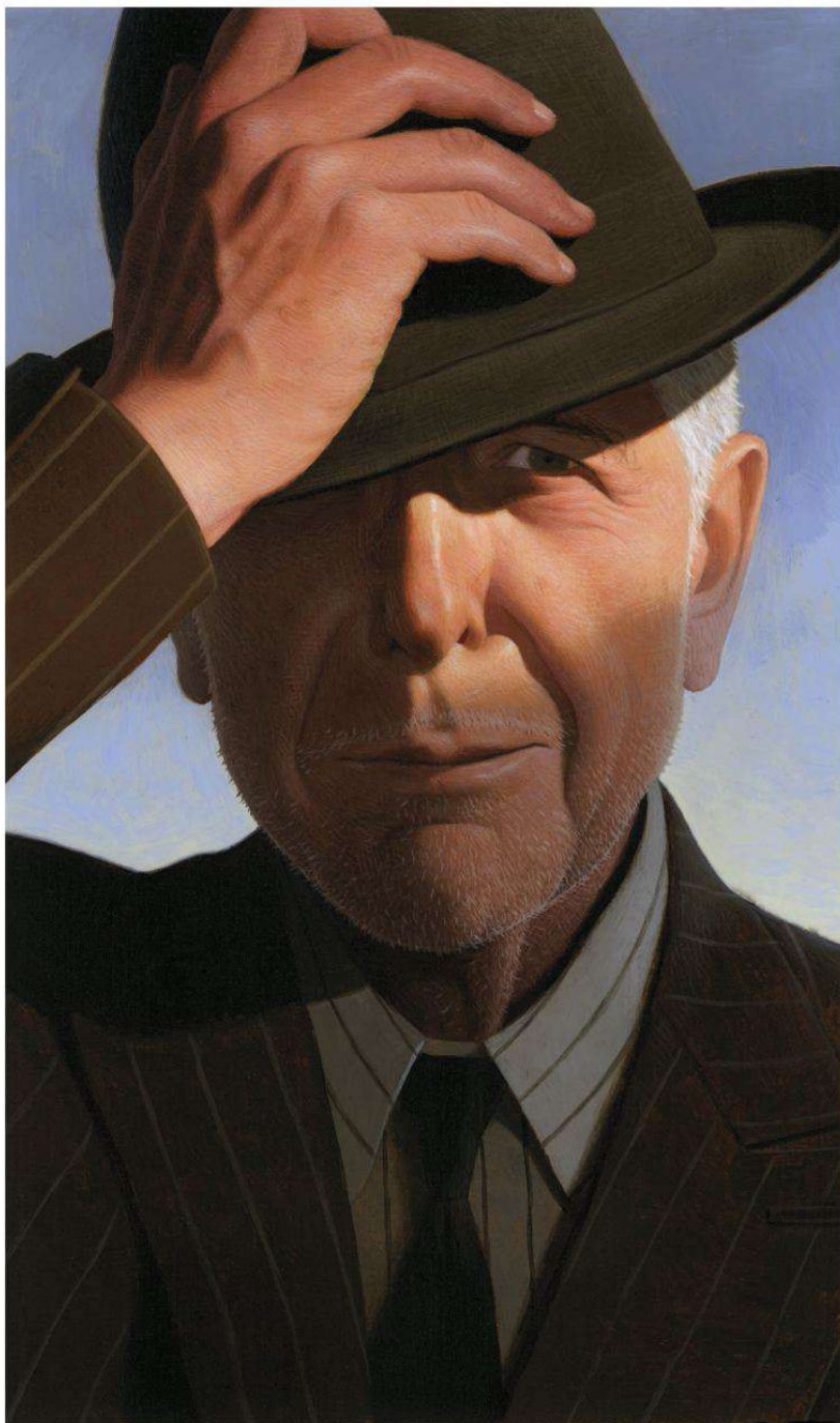
MADONNA

LIVE AT THE SUPER BOWL ON NBC
02.05.12



Reviews

NEW CDS Pg. 60
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CHARTS Pg. 74



The long view
on sex, love and
God, from a
77-year-old
master

Leonard Cohen

★★★★½

Old Ideas *Columbia*

BY JOE LEVY



Every song on Leonard Cohen's first album of new material in eight years takes place in the wee small hours. Tempos are at a kingsnake crawl and the sound is full of caresses, variations on the classy but *louche* cabaret tunes Cohen once dubbed the European blues. The vocals and music unfold in a whisper, and each cut waits tremulously for the dawn, with no guarantee that this time the darkness will not be permanent.

The first words belong to God himself, who wants to have a talk with Leonard, that "lazy bastard living in a suit." Cohen, it seems, has been busy trying to write his love songs and manuals for living with defeat instead of delivering God's message, which is all the 77-year-old has been put here to do, and which is: Time to go home, a trip you make naked and burdenless to a place better than this one.

And th-th-that's all, folks! Three minutes and 50 seconds, titled "Going Home," sum up the story Cohen has been telling since he first left poetry for music in 1967 (after 11 years as Canada's most famous poet, he was 33 and thought the money would be better). When Cohen calls this album *Old Ideas*, he means not just that these are the thoughts of a septuagenarian, but that he's been turning over these cards for a long while: sex, love, God, and the way the three

can be shuffled to relieve the pain of existence. A Jew who disappeared up a mountaintop to ponder Zen Buddhist koans, Cohen has sought rapture anywhere and everywhere he can find it – prayer, LSD, the thighs of a woman – and tried to unite the spiritual and the physical since he first made a sensation with a song about a girl named Suzanne, who touches your perfect body with her mind.

Dylan dreamed he saw St. Augustine. Cohen has walked the earth trying to be St. Augustine. He has never made a pretense of his confessions being anything other than personal – there really was a Suzanne, just like there really was a Marianne. But as time has gone on, Cohen has shorn the ornament from his language to move from the personal to the universal. The lyrics on *Old Ideas* reach for the stark power of prayers, hymns and religious riddles. The music is just as basic: a keyboard or guitar breaks the stillness, a drummer tries to simulate a Casio rhythm box, backup girls offer comfort to the weak, a stringed instrument gives a final blessing.

The song titles tell the story: “Going Home,” “Amen,” “Darkness,” “Crazy to Love You,” “Come Healing.” His basso profundo cracked by both the frailty and the wisdom of his years, Cohen holds forth on the forces of love and forgiveness, and those of hate and darkness. Which ones will win is a given. What it means is still up for grabs. In an album almost empty of imagery, it stands out when, toward the end, Cohen describes watching “a broken banjo bobbing on the dark, infested sea.” It’s been carried there by the waves, maybe off of someone’s shoulder, maybe out of someone’s grave. Some New Orleans horns swell in the distance, neither mournful nor celebratory. Just there. As if to say: life or death. It’s up to you. The music goes on.

Key Tracks: “Going Home,” “Banjo,” “Different Sides”



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All-You-Can-Eat Dylan Covers

Adele, Pete Townshend, Ke\$ha and many more make a crazy quilt of Dylan tunes

Various Artists ★★★★★

Chimes of Freedom: The Songs of Bob Dylan

Amnesty International



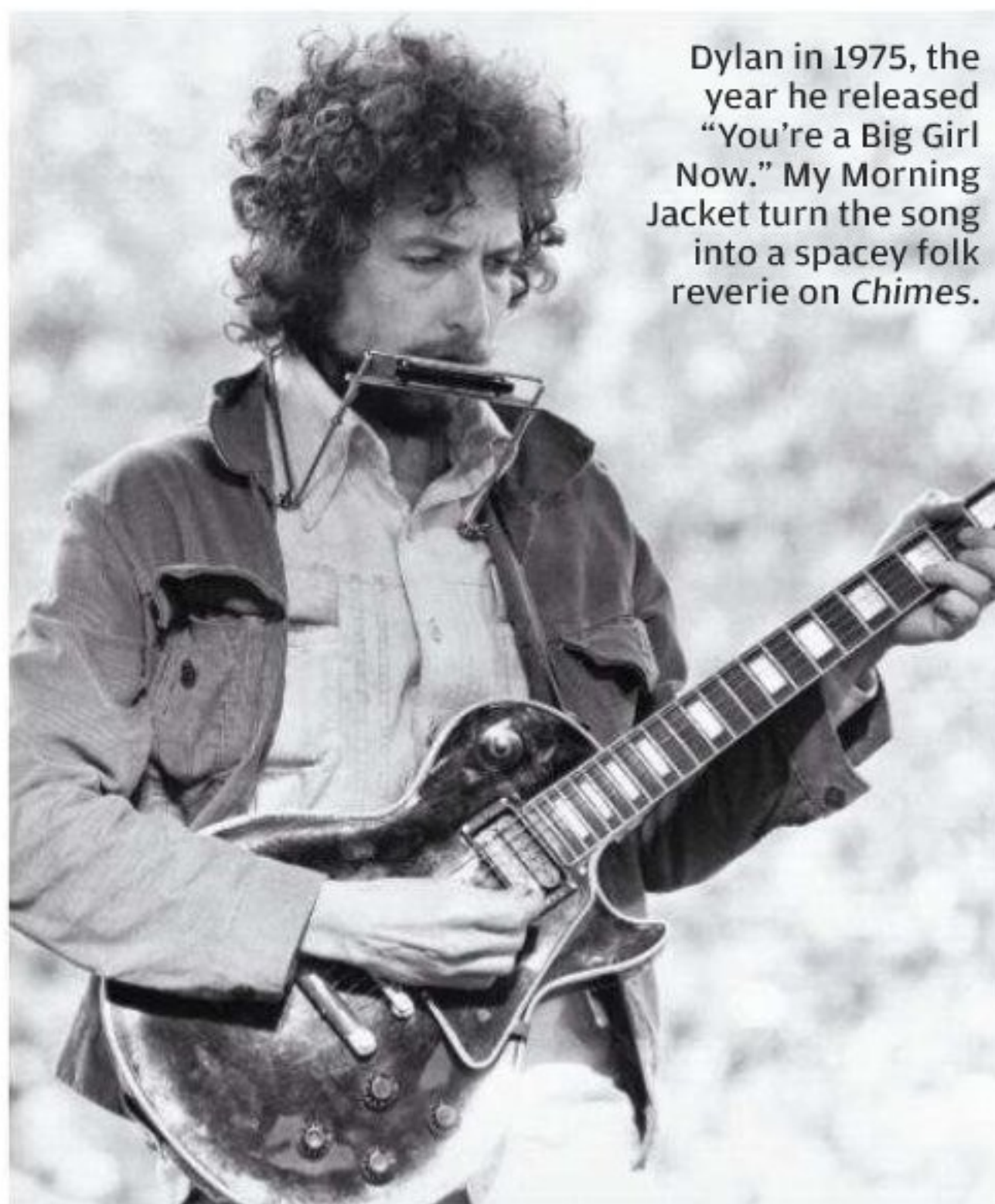
This collection, assembled in honor of Amnesty International’s 50th birthday, is stuffed with 80 artists, from Pete Seeger (folk-music deity, b. 1919) to Miley Cyrus (hot mess, b. 1992). Revelation and humor are in as short supply as

hip-hop; instead, you get a good catchall for a great cause, with head-scratchers and surprises side by side (Miley turns out to be both). Most often those who underplay their covers play it best: Pete Townshend’s fingerpicked “Corrina, Corrina” captures the grace and grief of Dylan’s best love songs; Ke\$ha treats “Don’t Think Twice” as an acting-class monologue and earns a callback; Lucinda Williams mumbles the mysticism of “Tryin’ to Get to Heaven” until it feels like barroom banter; My Morning Jacket turn “You’re a Big Girl Now” into a paper kite floating in space. Not everything is a keeper – My Chemical Romance can’t find their way out of “Desolation Row,” and instead of Gaga painting the daytime black, we get her producer Red One plodding through “Knockin’ on Heaven’s Door.” In the end, *Chimes of Freedom* is like one of those carnival songs Dylan used to knock off in a single take of amphetamine-fueled laughter and tears: You’ll lose track of the winners and losers as the flood rolls on, and the next time you take the trip, you’ll notice the scenery has completely changed. That may be the most fitting tribute of all.

JOE LEVY

Key Tracks:

“Tryin’ to Get to Heaven,” “You’re a Big Girl Now”



Dylan in 1975, the year he released “You’re a Big Girl Now.” My Morning Jacket turn the song into a spacey folk reverie on *Chimes*.

Rick Ross ★★★★★½

Rich Forever

Maybach Music Group

Miami don reveals in one-percentitude on ace mixtape



While his next official album ripens in the blazing South Florida sunshine, Rick

Ross has delivered a delicious appetite-whetter. *Rich Forever* is a mixtape that plays like an album, with blaring, heraldic production by the likes of Boi-1da and up-and-comer Beat Billionaire, plus guest appearances by Drake, Nas and Diddy. Themewise, *Rich Forever* is business as usual – which is to say, all business. Ross remains monomaniacally focused on monetary matters, spinning punch line after punch line about luxury cars, dripping jewels and high-grade cocaine. Finest zinger: “I got them keys in the crib/You wouldn’t find ‘em if you had the keys to the crib.” Best line about multitasking: “Fornicating/Counting money with a fuck face.”

JODY ROSEN

Key Tracks: “Rich Forever,” “Triple Beam Dreams”

Craig Finn

★★★★½

Clear Heart Full Eyes Vagrant

Word-slinging Hold Steady leader makes his Nebraska



In five stellar LPs as the word-spluttering frontman for the Hold Steady, Craig

Finn proved that nobody can match his ear for the way American losers talk. And in a Finn song, they’re usually talking themselves into their next doomed move. Cut with a country-rock pickup band, his first solo album is full of bleakly funny noir tales. His characters are like the psycho-eyes loners from *On the Beach* or *Nebraska*, except strung out on religion. Finn’s gotten canny enough as a singer to pull off a tour de force like “Western Pier,” the chilling ballad of a drifter with grudges against the world that not even Jesus can avenge.

ROB SHEFFIELD

Key Tracks: “Western Pier,” “No Future,” “Honolulu Blues”

TOP SINGLES

Sleigh Bells

★★★★

"Comeback Kid"

The latest blast from the aggro-pop duo could soundtrack a monster-truck rally: Producer-guitarist Derek Miller bashes out brute-force riffs, while Alexis Krauss' menacing purr ("Go get your gun ready") floats high in the mix. It's bigger than big, louder than loud.

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

Andrew Bird

★★★★★

"Eyeoneye"

Who pissed off Andrew Bird? "Go ahead and congratulate yourself," the normally mild-mannered Chicagoan snipes over surging guitars on this refreshingly sour preview of his new LP. Resentment suits Bird well – even his whistling sounds more urgent.

S.V.-L.

Scissor Sisters

★★★★½

"Shady Love"

On their latest trash-disco single, the Sisters name-check Madonna and rhyme "Take me out to the movies" with "Feel all up on her boobies." The music sounds like it was recorded in a suburban basement with a Casio tape deck: awesome.

JODY ROSEN

Delta Spirit

★★★★

"California"

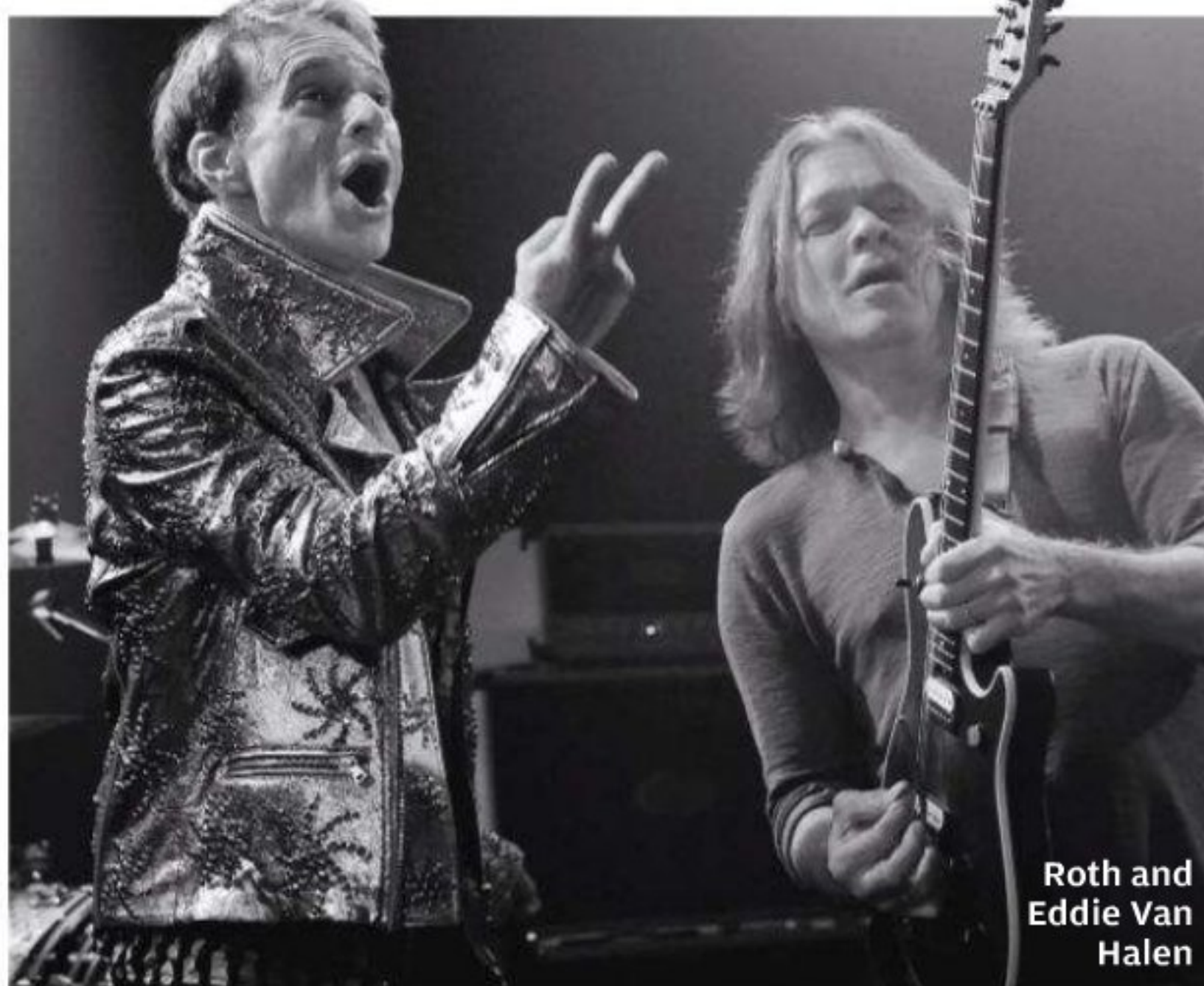
"I want you to move to California.... But not for me," Matt Vasquez sings over synth-rock swirls. It's a far cry from the band's *Friday Night Lights* folk benediction, "Devil Knows You're Dead," but Vasquez's warm West Coast vocals make the uninvite seem like an act of kindness.

JON DOLAN



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Roth and Eddie Van Halen

Van Halen Jump Back With Vintage Riffs

Van Halen ★★½ "Tattoo"

The reunited Van Halen's recent New York gig showed that the guys could share a stage without mauling each other, and rock out like it was 1984. On their new single, all the components are in the right place, too: those aerodynamic harmonies, Eddie Van Halen's whining-dragon guitar solo, his brother Alex's pole-dancing grooves and David Lee Roth's neon-peacock strut. Sadly, this slow-boiling ode to body ink never really hits liftoff. Roth savors lines like "Show me your dragon magic/So auto-

bio-graphic," and brags that he has the number of his uncle's union chapter emblazoned on his shoulder. (Diamond Dave is a lefty! Who knew?) But if Van Halen had dropped "Tattoo" into one of their Eighties shows, you might've headed to the concession stand for a Coke, or wondered if theirs was wearing off a bit. (In fact, the song's main riff sounds like it was borrowed from "Down in Flames," a late-1970s live cut.) Still, it's great to have you back and windmill-kickin', fellas.

J.D.

The Shins Dream in Color

The Shins ★★★★★

"Simple Song"

It's been five years and one new band (Broken Bells, his Danger Mouse collaboration) since James Mercer made a Shins album. After overhauling the group's lineup, he's finally made another, and this spangled, chin-up-kid anthem is the first taste. Mercer gets his reveries on – "When I was just nine years old/I swear that I dreamt/Your face on a football field" – amid multitracked vocals and prog-rock frippery, while guest Shin Janet Weiss pounds out a Phil Spector faux-tango with Keith Moon flourishes. It's pretty magnificent, and that ascending melody will trail you like a double-espresso buzz.

WILL HERMES

Jay-Z's New Baby Love

Jay-Z feat. B.I.C.

★★★★½ "Glory"

Just 48 hours after the birth of his and Beyoncé's royal heiress, Blue Ivy Carter, Jay-Z served up this postpartum anthem with a lilting Neptunes beat, a news-breaking disclosure about a previous miscarriage ("All the pain of the last time/I prayed so hard it was the last time") and a sample of baby Blue herself. "Glory" is a hip-hop "Isn't She Lovely," mixing exultant proud-papa sentiments with brand-consolidation braggadocio: "A pinch of Hov, a whole glass of B." But the mood is reflective. "Everybody go through stuff," Jay tells his daughter. "Life is a gift, love, open it up."

J.R.

BOOTLEG

Red Hot Chili Peppers

The O2, Dublin, November 4th, 2011

When he joined the Red Hot Chili Peppers in 2009, guitarist Josh Klinghoffer faced the tough task of convincing fans that he was a worthy replacement for the band's recently departed slinger, John Frusciante. This Dublin stop on the Chilis' *I'm With You* tour proves that Klinghoffer is highly proficient at playing Frusciante's complex tunes, even if he never sounds quite as fluid as the man himself. The set list is heavy on the group's



Kiedis

hit period, from the *Blood Sugar Sex Magik*-fueled early Nineties to the early-2000s standouts on *Californication* and *By the Way*. "Scar Tissue" sends the crowd into hysterics, and Anthony Kiedis wails an impressive rendition of "Under the Bridge," while still finding time to tell security to go easy on an unruly fan. Toward the end, the band plays a jammed-out cover of Neil Young's 1969 classic "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere," before wrapping with a frenetic "Give It Away." Frusciante's defection may have wounded the Chilis, but onstage, it hasn't been a mortal blow.

ANDY GREENE

First Aid Kit

★★★½ The Lion's Roar

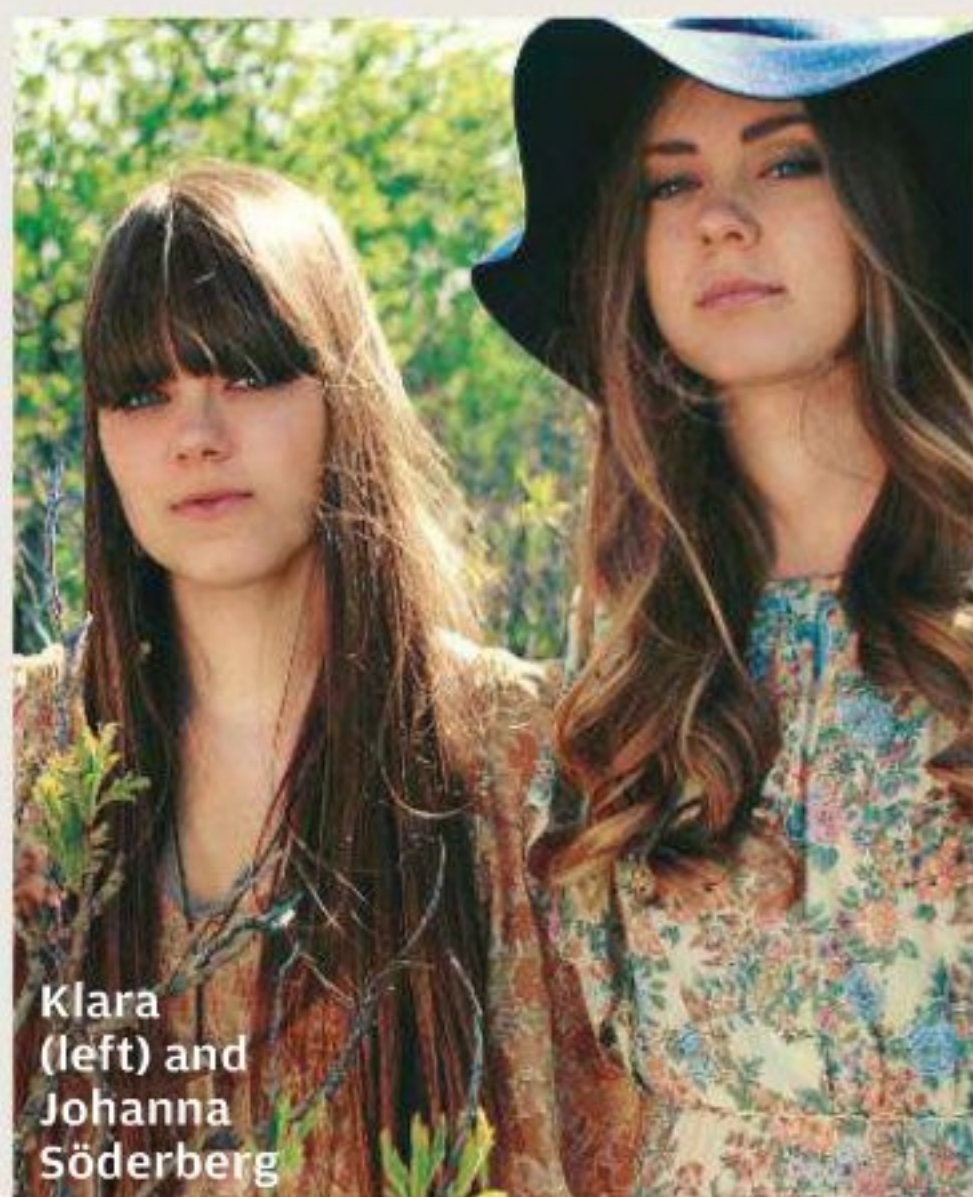
Wichita

Sisters bring pristine country from the land of Abba

BAND TO WATCH

Country music has become a free-trade zone: Witness "Emmylou," a love song about Gram Parsons and Emmylou Harris, sung by two Swedes with old-school sibling-act harmonies. Johanna and Klara Söderberg are indie rockers at heart: They recorded this set in Omaha with Bright Eyes' Mike Mogis; Conor Oberst does his own Gram Parsons turn on "King of the World." The songs shuffle styles, but the voices transcend genre distinctions – you may not hear a more beautifully sung record this year. **WILL HERMES**

Key Tracks: "Emmylou," "Blue"



Klara (left) and Johanna Söderberg

KEY FACTS

Hometown Enskede, Sweden
Foxy Ladies In 2008, the sisters – who were just 15 and 17 at the time – first gained attention with a radiant YouTube cover of Fleet Foxes' "Tiger Mountain Peasant Song."

Return of Grievous Angel The pair shot the video for "Emmylou" on Gram Parsons' birthday at Joshua Tree National Monument, where Parsons' stolen corpse was set aflame by friends fulfilling his wish to be cremated there.

Ringo Starr

★★★

Ringo 2012 Hip-O/UMe

Ringo being Ringo: unfussy, tenaciously affable



Every Ringo Starr album is a concept album. The concept is: *Man, Ringo, what a good dude.* These nine buoyant, no-frills tunes could've been recorded anytime in the past 40 years. But they're knocked out with unchanging bonhomie, steeped in the nice vibes he generates with pals like Dave Stewart and his brother-in-law Joe Walsh. From the cute plea for peace, "Anthem," to a smiling evocation of his Cavern Club days, "In Liverpool," his 17th solo album proves that even after so many things have passed, some things – and some dudes – stay pretty much the same.

JON DOLAN

Key Tracks: "Wings," "In Liverpool"

AraabMuzik

★★★½

Electronic Dream (Deluxe Edition) Duke

Producer gives old club sounds a swagger injection



AraabMuzik is a producer behind beats for Cam'ron and Lloyd Banks, but he made his name live, crafting dazzling cacophony on the fly: You're unsure whether to dance, headbang or get the man a Clif Bar. His 2011 debut, repackaged here with six bonus songs, isn't as assaultive, but it's still drunk on drums: thickets of high-hats, echoing claps and vertiginous snares. His trick is to lend hip-hop swagger to synths and dance-diva vocals he's snatched from déclassé genres like trance and gabber. The result is goofy, gloriously crass and thoroughly galvanizing. **JONAH WEINER**

Key Tracks: "Underground Stream," "Electronic Dream"

50 Cent

★★★ The Big 10 Universal

50 gets lewd, nostalgic on hooky new mixtape



Released to toast the 10th anniversary of his first mixtape, *50 Cent Is the Future*, the fallen star's latest street album time-warps back to his glory days, when he was gangsta rap's premier beefcake. 50 snarls uncouth come-ons over some of his sunniest hooks in years, gushing, "Bedroom superhero – naked, I'm Batman," on the Bobby Womack-sampling "Wait Until Tonight." His underdog grit is back too. On "Body on It," he flaunts his gun stash and mourns the dying code of the streets. "It seems like principled living is startin' to fade," he says, stretching out that last word till it's downright funereal.

MONICA HERRERA

Key Tracks: "I Just Wanna," "Queens"

FOR THE GOOD TIMES

"I love hearing Norah Jones sing anything. But I was overjoyed and overwhelmed when I heard her sing my song 'Jolene'. I salute The Little Willies."

- Dolly Parton

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Skrillex ★★★½

Bangarang *Big Beat/Atlantic*

Rising "brostep" star clobbers the club



Skrillex is a magician. His trick is turning the elusively thwumping U.K. dance music called dubstep into high-fiving dance-floor heavy metal. The DJ-producer's latest EP suggests new artistic pretension with an "orchestral suite" and a woozy jam stuffed with Doors references. But for the most part, the 23-year-old's bass-crushing, hyperpaced populism is undiluted, from the bomb-drop arena funk of "The Devil's Den" to the screwball hip-hop breakdown on "Right on Time" to the laser-blasting inanity of the title track, which ends with someone bragging, "I'm eating Fun Dip right now/Not givin' a fuck." Not a bad credo for music that makes a disco sugar high feel downright pornographic.

JON DOLAN

Key Tracks: "Bangarang," "Right on Time"

Tim McGraw

★★★★½

Emotional Traffic *Curb*

McGraw mixes corn with sharp working-class stories



Tim McGraw is country's tough-but-tender specialist, at ease enough in his Stetson to forsake macho posturing and plunge into emotional thickets. His 11th LP is his most assured, with a dozen sharp songs about middle-American struggles. Strong storytelling redeems cheesy stuff like "Touchdown Jesus," as does the music, a savvy mix of down-home twang, pop tunefulness and rock heft. (There's even a Ne-Yo duet, "Only Human.") But McGraw's at his finest reckoning with demons over a cresting chorus: "I ain't as good as I'm gonna get," he sings on the album's latest single, "but I'm better than I used to be."

JODY ROSEN

Key Tracks: "Better Than I Used to Be," "Only Human"

The Weeknd

★★★★

Echoes of Silence

the-weeknd.com

Freaky Canadian gives Drake a run for his sad money



"It's gonna end how you expected, girl, you're such a masochist," Abel Tesfaye warns. That spoiler is no surprise. The Canadian smoothie has helped make R&B a creepier place, crooning too-honest come-ons over tracks that balance leering sensuality with vague menace. His third mixtape inside of a year opens with a cover of Michael Jackson's violence-tinged "Dirty Diana," setting the tone for an LP that goes beyond the plush glumness of his pal Drake to make sex seem almost sepulchral—from the sad-pianos title track to the mournful "Montreal," where Tesfaye testifies, "I'm a pro at letting go." For this guy, every romantic beginning is only a means to an end.

J.D.

Key Tracks: "Echoes of Silence," "Montreal"

Ani DiFranco

★★★★½

¿Which Side Are You On?

Righteous Babe

Folk heroine salutes the revolution, joyfully



The world needs more radicals like Ani DiFranco: wry, sexy, as committed to beauty and joy as revolution. Her 17th LP is buoyed by communal seas: fellow political activists carrying the torch (the New Orleans art-funk update of the folk-standard title track); weed smokers weighing culture hypocrisy ("J"); a homeless mom baring her heart ("Life Boat"). Channeling multiple voices and styles, DiFranco rises to the cultural moment with a grin: "If you're not getting happier as you get older," she reasons on "If Yr Not," a deliciously noisy slow grind, "then you're fuckin' up."

WILL HERMES

Key Tracks: "If Yr Not," "Life Boat," "J"

"REALLY, THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHETHER, THIS LATE IN THE YEAR, THIS CONSTITUTES THE BEST ROCK ALBUM OF 2011 OR 2012. IT'LL PROBABLY BE BOTH."

LOS ANGELES TIMES

★★★★★

"TREMENDOUS, HOOK-LADEN, ALL-KILLER-NO-FILLER, BY SOME DISTANCE THE MOST POWERFUL, COMPELLING ROCK ALBUM OF THE YEAR."

INDEPENDENT

★★★★

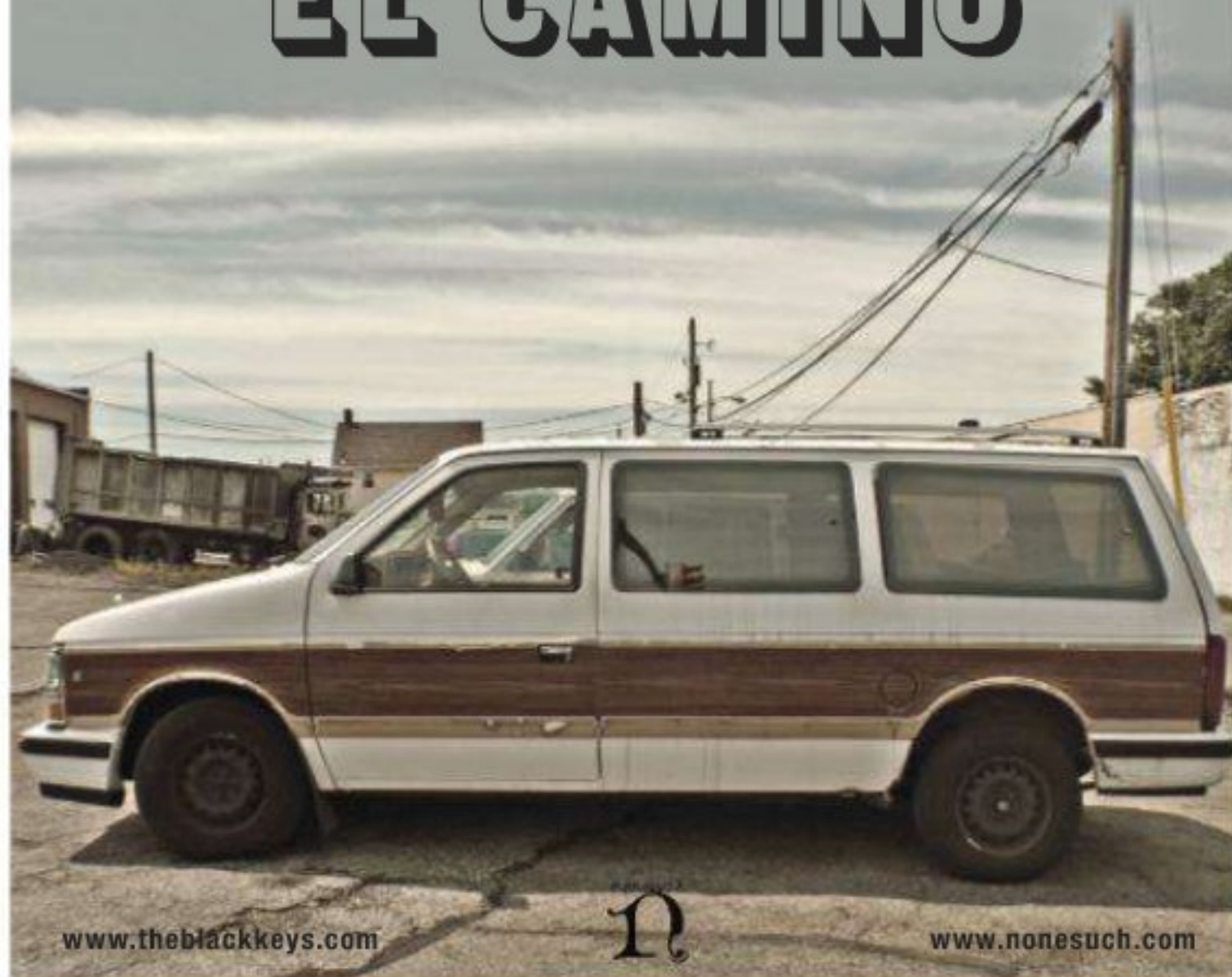
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THE NEW YORK TIMES

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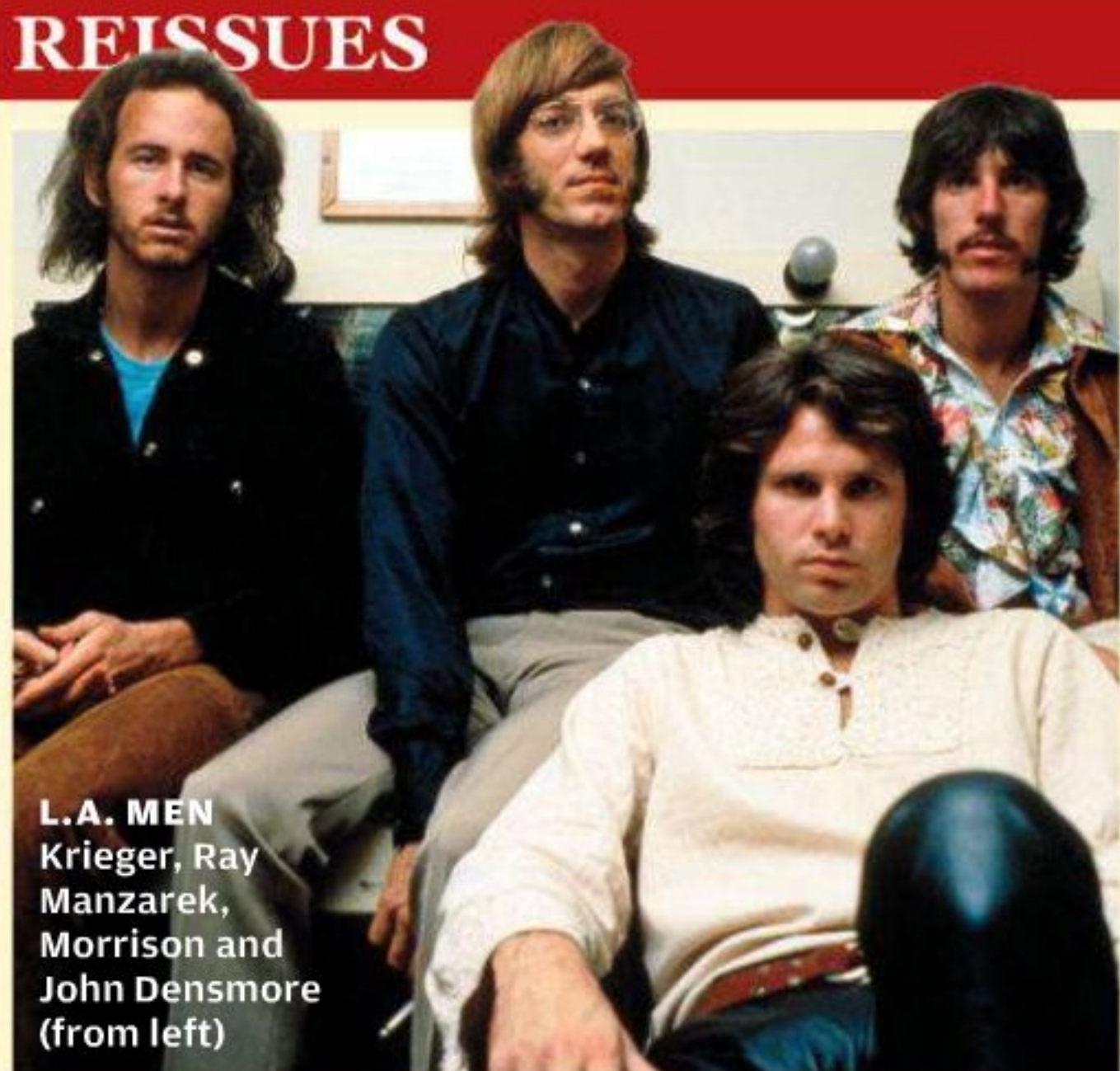


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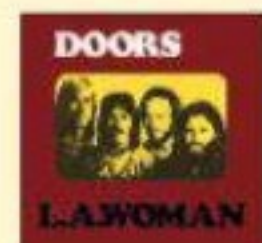
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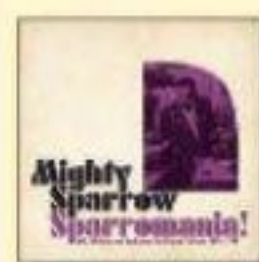


L.A. MEN
Krieger, Ray
Manzarek,
Morrison and
John Densmore
(from left)

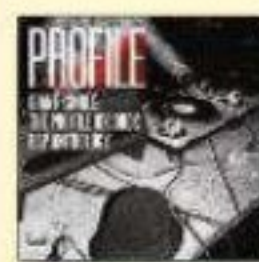
**The Doors** ★★★★★¹/₂**L.A. Woman (40th Anniversary Edition)**

Elektra/Rhino

Some artists create their most intense work when they hit rock bottom: See Vincent van Gogh, Billie Holiday, Nick Drake and Jim Morrison, whose final album with the Doors is a Southern California death trip that matches anything in their catalog for beautifully spooked rock & roll urge-purging. Made amid professional train wrecks and personal downward spirals, it's a surprisingly focused set, in part a return to the Doors' blues-rock roots. Morrison's hot baritone killed, Robby Krieger's guitar is laser-guided, and "The Changeling" and "Been Down So Long" are garage-style classics. Even the sprawling set pieces, "Riders on the Storm" and "L.A. Woman," are formal masterpieces, bound by exacting grooves and precise solos. This reissue coincides with Greil Marcus' *The Doors: A Lifetime of Listening to Five Mean Years*, which is far more illuminating than the bonus tracks. "She Smells So Nice" is a forgettable bar-band boogie, "Rock Me" a generic slow blues that fiddles with Morrison's iconic "Mr. Mojo risin'" incantation. The alternate takes are all lesser versions interspersed with studio chatter and other audio *vérité* – the sound of a band enjoying its work, unaware its time was nearly up. **WILL HERMES**

**Mighty Sparrow** ★★★★★¹/₂**Sparrowmania! Strut**

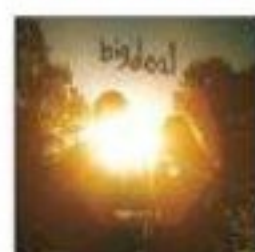
Harry Belafonte made calypso briefly popular in 1950s America, but Trinidad's Mighty Sparrow was its sharpest-tongued golden-age singer. This tour of his 1960-76 output has too many novelties and covers – stick with Louis Jordan's version of "What's the Use of Getting Sober." But Sparrow the social commentator is in force, sometimes in a time-capsule way (playlist "Kennedy and Khrushchev" for your next *Mad Men* party). And rap-battle fans should hear the uproarious head-to-head with Lord Melody, "Picong Duel." "You have a face like a crocodile," Sparrow taunts, while Melody offers "a right hook in your belly" – delivered with a laugh. **MICHAELANGELO MATOS**

**Various Artists** ★★★★★**Giant Single: The Profile Records Rap Anthology** Arista/Legacy

This menagerie of thrilling, mostly overlooked jams begins in rap's naive era, when "I'm on the cover of *TV Guide*" passed as a big-time boast. New York-based Profile Records struck gold with Run-DMC, whose success funded a bonanza of odd experiments, like Dana Dane's charmingly tuneless singing on "Nightmares" and Rammellzee Vs. K-Rob's eccentric masterpiece "Beat Bop." Profile slowed down in the 1990s, when rap turned less carefree. But even Disc Two hits hard, especially "Broken Language" by Smoothie Da Hustler and Trigger, who trade off barrages packed with violent images and a love of phonetics. **ROB TANNENBAUM**

Imperial Teen★★★★¹/₂**Feel the Sound Merge**
Indie-pop aces return, fired up and horny

It's a good time to be Imperial Teen. The San Francisco quartet were squishing together hooks and drones before everyone had broadband, and now they've returned with their first album in five years, just as bands like Frankie Rose and Weekend are helping revive the sound of classic indie pop. *Feel the Sound* turns blipping guitars and synth riffs into roller-skate jams the whole band can harmonize over. Even if Imperial Teen's gay pedigree seems, thankfully, far less of a big deal than it used to, it's still cool to hear "Last to Know" endorse "pumped-up pecs and sticky skin," while "Over His Head" and "Hanging About" are perfect for pretending the Pacific Coast Highway is the Autobahn. **JOE GROSS**

Key Tracks: "Over His Head," "Hanging About"**Big Deal** ★★★★★¹/₂**Lights Out Mute****U.K. duo charm with feedback and sweet heartache**

Big Deal is what happens when a young guitar teacher and his student bond over Sonic Youth, Alex Chilton and *Freaks and Geeks*: 12 feedback-laced psychodramas, delivered through hooky, drumless tunes speckled with horny, guilt-ridden duet harmonies. "Can't do my homework/Can't concentrate," purrs Alice Costelloe on "Homework," then wonders, "Where have your clothes gone?" Partner Kacey Underwood offers, "Don't hate my guts/It's not my fault." A similar scene plays out in "Chair": "You don't trust me to sit on your bed/Put me on a chair in the corner instead." It'd be too coy if it wasn't so finely tuned. Instead, it's a seductive indie-rock *Pygmalion*. **W.H.**

Key Tracks: "Chair," "Homework," "Talk"**Chairlift** ★★★★★¹/₂

Something Columbia/Kanine

Brooklyn synth kids get happy, catchy

In 2008, these kids made the Brooklyn scene with a song that got heavy iPod-commercial rotation ("Bruises") and an album of spookily sexy, PJ Harvey-meets-Eurythmics synth pop they claim was designed for haunted houses. Four years later, they've set aside such Scooby-Doo-ish pretensions and brightened things up, embracing the refined, airy side of 1980s New Wave with help from alt-rock production heavies Alan Moulder and Dan Carey. Singer Caroline Polachek still plays the towering ice queen on dark-angled ballads like "Cool as a Fire," but there's tons of swooning bliss here, too – on the majestically crushed-out "I Belong in Your Arms" she beams, "Feelings are good/Nothing to say," and the synths shine like Molly Ringwald's earrings. **JON DOLAN**

Key Tracks: "Met Before," "I Belong in Your Arms"**The Little Willies** ★★★★★**For the Good Times**

Milking Bull

Norah Jones and pals bang through country classics

Turns out Norah Jones packs a sweet and true country twang. On the Little Willies' second album, Jones and four buddies remake down-home classics like Willie Nelson's "Permanently Lonely" and Kris Kristofferson's title track with offhand assurance, like a skilled (but not slick) pickup bar band. The lone original, "Tommy Rockwood," segues into Jones' note-perfect roar through "Fist City" – a Loretta Lynn dust-up that's never sounded so giddy. That's the Little Willies' appeal: Their straight-shooting renditions don't reinterpret material so much as celebrate it wholly. **STACEY ANDERSON**

Key Tracks: "Permanently Lonely," "Fist City"

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LOVE IN WAR
Gina Carano gives the mixed-martial-arts business to Channing Tatum.

Leggy, Lethal & Uncaged

Cage fighter Gina Carano is the real deal as a fiercely female James Bond By Peter Travers

Haywire

★★★★½

Gina Carano, Channing Tatum, Ewan McGregor, Michael Fassbender

Directed by Steven Soderbergh

INTO THE CINEMATIC DEAD zone of January comes *Haywire* to kick off the new movie year on a sexy action high. I shouldn't be surprised, since Steven Soderbergh, the Oscar-winning director of *Traffic*, is the prankster behind the camera. This is Soderbergh working lean and mean outside the mainstream comforts of the *Ocean's* franchise. Shooting digitally on the 4K Red One camera, Soderbergh gives *Haywire* B-movie oomph without sacrificing his fluid elegance. Plus, there's no keeping your eyes off his star attraction. She's Gina Carano, 29, the face of women's mixed martial arts and just the five-foot-eight cage fighter you need to beat the crap out of male movie stars, such as Ewan McGregor, Michael Fassbender and Channing Tatum.

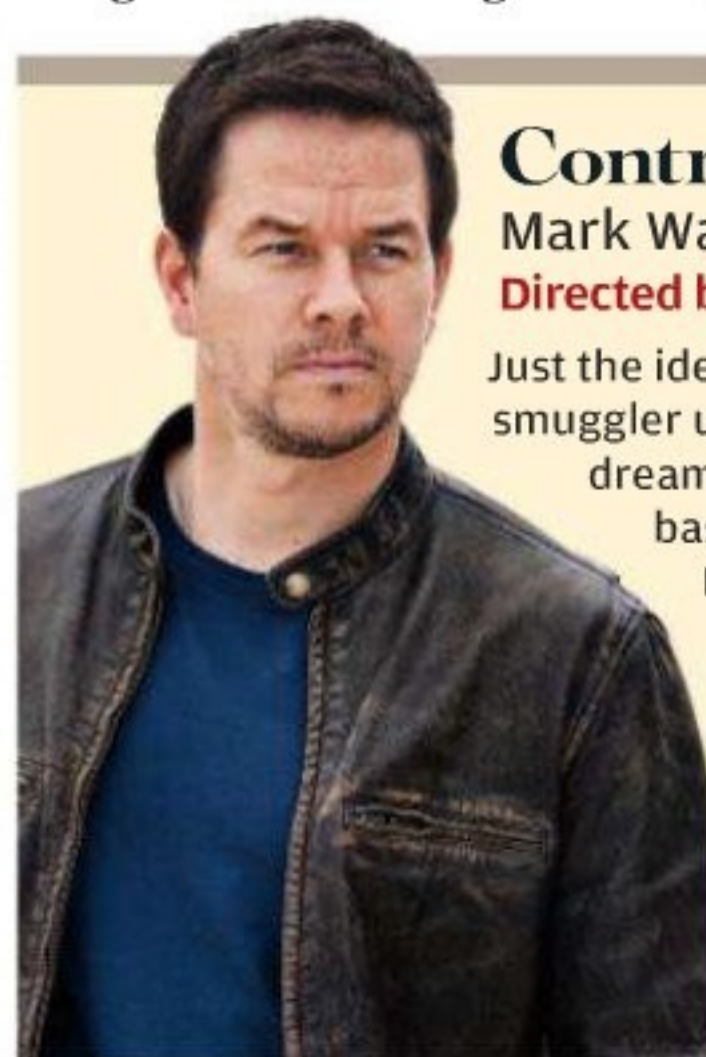
OK, Carano's on-camera experience has been limited to crushing the competition on NBC's *American Gladiators*. But she more than holds her own with the big boys, including evil suits played by Antonio Banderas and Michael Douglas. Did I mention that *Haywire* is a spy thriller? It is, and the nonstop dazzle and momentum are boosted by frisky camerawork and editing by Soderbergh under the aliases of Peter Andrews and Mary Ann Bernard (don't ask).

Carano plays Mallory Kane, a covert-ops specialist who finds her shady government bosses are out to whack her. Dumb move. This Muay Thai kickboxer and weapons expert doesn't go down easy, not even when her chief contact, Kenneth (McGregor, thoroughly enjoying his slide into slimeball villainy), pulls out all the stops.

Lem Dobbs (*The Limey*, *Kafka*) sparks his script with droll wit, but I wouldn't bother much with the plot details. As the scene shifts across the

globe, propelled by a vibrant David Holmes score, Mallory is the only guide we need. Carano is poetry in kickass motion, as she and ex-lover Aaron (Tatum) duke it out in a rundown diner. This leads to a flashback of Mallory and Aaron teaming up in Barcelona to rescue a Chinese journalist. Just when you think Soderbergh can't top himself for pyrotechnics, Mallory – decked out in heels and designer wear – tangles with

Paul (Fassbender, oozing subversive charm), a partner she's meant to trust. Ha! The two destroy a posh Dublin hotel room, and Soderbergh can't contain his joy. Why should he? And why should we? As foxy Mallory takes on her enemies in the beach house she shares with her father (Bill Paxton), *Haywire* comes close to achieving Soderbergh's goal of creating "a Pam Grier movie made by Alfred Hitchcock."



Contraband ★★

Mark Wahlberg, Kate Beckinsale

Directed by Baltasar Kormákur

Just the idea of Mark Wahlberg playing a smuggler unable to go straight sounds like a dream popcorn movie. But *Contraband*, based on Baltasar Kormákur's Nordic hit *Reykjavik-Rotterdam*, goes down in a sea of Hollywood clichés as Wahlberg ignores his good wife (Kate Beckinsale) and runs counterfeit bills out of Panama. Wahlberg could sleepwalk through this role, and does. See this movie and you'll surely follow his lead.

We Need to Talk About Kevin

★★★★½

Tilda Swinton, Ezra Miller

Directed by Lynne Ramsay

ACTING DOESN'T GET MUCH better than the subtly brilliant display put on by Tilda Swinton in *We Need to Talk About Kevin*. On the surface, the film is a bad-seed story, drawn from Lionel Shriver's bestseller about Eva Khatchadourian (Swinton), a travel writer who believes she's been trapped since giving birth to a monster. Her photographer husband, Franklin (John C. Reilly), sees little wrong with Kevin (played as a child by Rock Duer and Jasper Newell, and as a teen by Ezra Miller). But Eva knows he's wrong, that everyone's wrong. And the key to plumbing the depths of this haunting, unsettling film from Scottish director Lynne Ramsay (*Ratcatcher*, *Morvern Callar*) is that Ramsay puts us into Eva's head and keeps us there. Eva is a mother living her worst nightmare. She's at war with her child, from his first colicky cries to his climactic gun rampage. Miller, so good as the chubby-chasing son in *City Island*, is bone-chilling and a scary match for Swinton in looks and temper. Is the mother seeing the worst of herself in her child and skewing reality for both of them? That's the mystery at the core of Ramsay's mesmerizing film. You may leave with your head spinning, but *Kevin* will have you talking plenty.

Coriolanus

★★★★½

Ralph Fiennes, Gerard Butler, Vanessa Redgrave

Directed by Ralph Fiennes

AS A FIRST-TIME FILM DIRECTOR, Ralph Fiennes updates Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* into a brutal tale of modern warfare (think *The Hurt Locker*, which shares a cinematographer in Barry Ackroyd) with no damage to the Bard's bruising poetry. Neat trick. Shot in Belgrade, Serbia, the film pits Fiennes' Gen. Caius Martius,



(1) Tilda Swinton and Rock Duer face off in *Kevin*. (2) John Kani, Vanessa Redgrave, Ralph Fiennes, Jessica Chastain and Harry Fenn in *Coriolanus*. (3) J. Smith-Cameron, Anna Paquin in *Margaret*.

a.k.a. Coriolanus, against the marauding Volusian army, led by Aufidius (Gerard Butler, as comfy with verse as he is in battle). But Coriolanus has a greater enemy: the public. He won't cater to them by doing sound bites on talk shows. His trophy wife, Virgilia (the luminous Jessica Chastain), can't soften him. That job is left to his mother, Volumnia (Vanessa Redgrave), whose bond with her son is near incestuous. Fiennes, as star and commander, pulls off a triumph. But Redgrave's towering performance is a tour de force that carries the film to glory. When Coriolanus' hot temper results in a break with home and family and a union with Aufidius, the world is cracked beyond healing. Purists may holler that Fiennes and screenwriter John Logan have cut the Bard's second-longest play into two tense hours onscreen, but the power of the piece is undeniable.

Miss Bala

Stephanie Sigman

Directed by Gerardo Naranjo

THE NEW GENERATION OF Mexican filmmakers finds a star in Gerardo Naranjo, the director and co-writer of *Miss Bala*, a terrifying tale of a beauty contest that ends in horror. And if you don't think reality TV is moving in that direction, wake up. Model-turned-actress Stephanie Sigman excels as Laura Guerrero, a restless teen who skips out on her father and younger brother and heads to Tijuana to try out for the title of Miss Baja California. To celebrate making the first cut, Laura parties at a club that turns into a shooting gallery between American DEA agents and a gang of drug runners with a heavy revenge agenda. Lino (Noe Hernandez), the gang leader, enlists Laura as an unwilling accomplice, which begins her descent into

a rabbit hole of corruption that leaves no one unscathed, even when Lino arranges for Laura to win the crown. It's one of the film's dark ironies that Miss Bala translates as Miss Bullet. In this perverse version of *Alice in Wonderland*, newcomer Sigman meets every challenge in a complex role. And Naranjo, a graduate of the American Film Institute, has a gift for staging action that defines character. The film is a harrowing experience. It cuts deep.

Margaret

Anna Paquin, Mark Ruffalo

Directed by Kenneth Lonergan

THEY'RE CALLING THIS THE movie that never had a chance. Writer-director Kenneth Lonergan shot *Margaret* in 2005, but his struggles to achieve a final cut (with help from Martin Scorsese), plus contractual difficulties, delayed the release till late in 2011, when *Margaret* entered and exited most theaters with uncommon speed.

What a shame. *Margaret*, for all its flaws, is a film of rare beauty and shocking gravity. Anna Paquin, pre-*True Blood*, gives a stellar performance as Lisa Cohen, a child of divorce who lives with her actress mother (J. Smith-Cameron, superb) in Manhattan while her screenwriter father (Lonergan) phones it in from L.A. One day, Lisa walks alongside a bus whose driver (Mark Ruffalo) wears a hat she covets. Their flirting leads him to run a light and kill a pedestrian (Allison Janney), who lies bloody and broken in Lisa's arms.

Margaret, a title taken from a Gerard Manley Hopkins poem, resonates with loss felt deeply by New Yorkers in the shadow of 9/11. For Lisa, it inspires a crusade to connect. She reaches out to the victim's militant best friend (Jeannie Berlin in an award-caliber performance), then to a teacher (Matt Damon) who takes advantage, and then to a lawsuit that she hopes will bring the driver to justice. What Lisa can't find is closure. And Lonergan (*You Can Count on Me*) shares her agonizing search. Yes, *Margaret* comes apart at the seams as you watch it, but it gives off a lovely light. Seek it out. You can thank me later.

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ELECTRIC TOUCH ★★★★★ **HOT CHELLE RAE**
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DAVID BOWIE

[Cont. from 43] had begun to strain in the days after their son, Duncan, was born, in 1971. Traumatized by the birth, and making little claim to maternal instinct, Angela left on vacation to Italy a few days later, with a friend. The behavior may have reminded Bowie too much of his mother – a breach of faith, an abandonment of a child. In the period prior to the divorce, Angela attempted suicide more than once, and tried to humiliate David in the press. “I really want David to suffer,” she said. She no doubt took too much credit for Bowie’s fame and success, and he probably gave her too little recognition in return. David won sole custody of Duncan, who in later years rarely communicated with his mother. David, though, proved a wonderful father with time. The calling helped mend him. Bowie remarried in April 1992, to fashion model Iman. He was still subject to instances of depression, but he’d also found steadiness and solace. “Without Iman,” he told a friend, “I’d have put my head in the oven by now.” Bowie and Iman have a daughter, Alexandria, born in August 2000.

In 1983, after a three-year absence from recording popular music, Bowie moved to a new label, EMI, and made the biggest album of his career, *Let’s Dance*. He also embarked on the first of several spectacular worldwide tours. He was a global superstar now. He had remade himself. There was, at long last, no room for Ziggy Stardust on his stage. During that period, he briefly mentioned his half brother, Terry, during an interview. “It is my fault we grew apart,” he said, “and it is painful.” Terry had tried to kill himself the year before by falling from a window of the facility where he was confined. According to Christopher Sandford, in *Bowie: Loving the Alien*, Bowie saw his brother soon after – their first visit in 10 years – and brought him books, clothes and his own music. Terry expected Bowie to return – he told his nurses that his broth-

er would save him – but the two never saw each other again. On December 27th, 1984, Terry left the Cane Hill psychiatric hospital, went to a nearby train station and laid his head on the tracks. At the last moment, he pulled his head away from harm. He also tried to take an overdose of sleeping pills that day, and demanded to be taken to his mother’s home, “where David would be waiting.” The next month, on January 16th, he left Cane Hill again and went back to the train station, and once more put his head on the tracks. It was the last thing Terry Burns ever did. He was 47. Bowie did not attend his funeral, but he sent a card and roses. The card read, “You’ve seen more things than we can imagine, but all these moments will be lost, like tears washed away by the rain. God bless you. —David.”

Bowie’s later work never really transcended his early-1970s inventions. Pop artists don’t often get an opportunity to change the world more than once, how things look and sound, and to change what’s allowed, how power and authority lose some sanctity. David Bowie did that more effectively than most. Whether he ever truly resented rock & roll or not, he used it for what rock & roll does best: To give voice to those who had been without it. Most memorably, he did it for people who rock & roll itself hadn’t altogether welcomed – people who perhaps weren’t yet sure who they were or would be allowed to be. He helped them clarify themselves; he gave them permission and encouragement to figure out their identity without shame, to exhibit pleasure in themselves and in one another. He reached out and told them, “Give me your hands, because you’re wonderful/Oh, give me your hands.”

The measure of Bowie’s success isn’t whether or not he could remake himself and move on. The measure is that he helped others to proclaim identities that they had once been shamed, or intimidated, into denying. Ziggy Stardust proved to be a deliverer, but David Bowie proved to be the man who delivered him. 65

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JULIAN ASSANGE

[Cont. from 57] percent of cases, prisoners in Sweden are held incommunicado. So to the degree that my ability to act would be severely if not completely eliminated by entering into a Swedish prison, I am concerned about it. In addition, if you criticize matters, such as that Swedes have the worst prison system in all of Europe, then it would be the worse for you, because the Swedish justice system will take its revenge.

If you knew that governments were looking to find a way to pull dirty tricks on you, didn't you feel like you were putting yourself at risk in Sweden when you were with the women? Weren't you pushing the envelope?

It's been falsely reported that I have said that the Swedish allegations are a result of a CIA trap. That's false. What I have said is that the case was instantly politicized by opportunists – instantly, within hours. That day, we did receive, from an intelligence source, a list of priorities that the U.S. government had in relation to me. Those included finding out what information we had, what we were going to publish, evidence in relation to the prosecution of Bradley Manning. It also included a view that the U.S. would find the legal case against me very difficult, and that therefore I should be very cautious about extralegal means. Those extralegal means not being assassination, but rather the planting of drugs, child pornography or being otherwise embroiled in disgraceful conduct. So it was on my mind and everyone else's mind when the allegations arose.

Do you wish you'd done anything different?

In general? Of course. Many. I can't stand these people who say they would never do anything different. That simply means that they have not learned a single thing from their experiences.

I mean specifically, in terms of dealing with the two women.

I had never gone through a sex scandal before. There are certain ways, depending on culture, which one should handle a politicized sex scandal. I also didn't take it very seriously to begin with. I thought that it would disappear immediately.

Why didn't you hire a PR guy?

We tried. We hired someone in the U.K. to cope with the volume of media inquiries. He accepted at a very substantially reduced rate because we're activists, a cause célèbre. His largest clients were Virgin and Sony. After one week, it was clear that it was either us or them. His board, according to him, insisted that we be dropped, so we were. There have been about a dozen similar instances of pressure being applied to companies who we've been working with. When people say, "Why didn't Julian do this, why didn't

Julian do that, why didn't WikiLeaks do this," in many cases we have actually tried. It's not so easy when you're fighting a superpower.

What forms has the pressure taken?

My personal bank account was shut down, and some of our people have also had their personal bank accounts closed. Many people have lost their jobs – even those who were quite indirectly connected. The person who registered our Swiss domain name lost their job when Bloomberg reported their name on the record. One of the board members of the German charity that collects donations for us lost their security contract with the Swiss stock exchange. The stock exchange even put in writing that the cause was his affiliation with us. The Tor Project, which protects people around the world from being spied on or censored, lost some \$600,000 to the U.S. government, as a result of one of their people, Jacob Appelbaum, having filled in for me once at a conference in New York. This type of indirect pressure has been applied to a great many people.

"I had 10 days in solitary. I broke the back of solitary. So I have a lot of sympathy with Bradley Manning and other prisoners who are similarly contained."

What happened when you were thrown in jail in England?

I had 10 days in solitary. I think everyone should have 10 days in solitary, especially politicians. I broke the back of solitary. It is a sensory-deprivation experience. So I have a lot of sympathy with Bradley Manning and other prisoners who are similarly contained.

When you heard that door shut, were you worried that it might be 10 months or 10 years?

I had no idea how long it was going to be.

Was it terrifying?

No, I was rather excited and looking forward to the challenge of adapting to the new environment. I knew it would be helpful to our cause, politically, and it was. I told my lawyers, "Don't get me out too quickly." They disagreed.

So you saw yourself as a martyr to the cause.

There's been an observation of how the rest of the world was choosing to make my myth, positively and negatively. That process has been fascinating, horrifying and comical all at the same time. It's caused many laughs from the people who know me well, a subject of great mirth in the team. We're dealing with a situation where we're engaged in a historic endeavor that has very serious consequences for people's lives and political systems. It's extremely important, the consequences for everything from revolutions to individuals' jobs, and the gravity of that task is so great that I don't have time to consider how this celebrityization affects me personally. The concern is always simply, is it helpful or harmful in being able to survive as an institution? Or will the character assassination wipe a million dollars off our budget or change political moods enough to cause us to lose a court case? Or will lionization mean that we have enough political support to survive?

How expensive has the legal battle been?

We have many legal cases. This personal case, the Swedish extradition case, I have to pay for myself. I don't think that is right. Actually, I think the organization should pay for it.

Why?

It is unquestionable that the case has been politicized as a result of my role in the organization. However, to avoid the attack that the funding would be spent on this case, which is effectively used by our opponents to assassinate my character, it's completely separate. Which means that I'm now completely bankrupt as a result.

Completely bankrupt?

Yeah. There have been all sorts of strange complications, such as that the previous lawyers managed to get hold of all my book advances and keep them. So I have not received a cent from any publicity that I've done.

There's a rumor that you have £3.3 million in your bank account that you're keeping.

Yeah, sure. Our opponents like to spread these rumors to deny us our donations.

So that's not true?

It's absolute nonsense. They spread rumors that I'm living in a mansion, they spread rumors that I'm homeless. Two years ago, fabricated documents were spread saying that I traveled first class and lived in a castle in South Africa, and I've never even been to South Africa. If you want to attack an organization, how do you attack it? You attack the cash flow and leadership. The character assassinations are dangerous, but taken as a whole, they're absurdly comical. We have, on the one hand, some 700,000 references to me being an anti-Semite, and on the other hand, some 2.5 million references to me being a member of the Mossad. I'm accused of everything from being a cat tor-

turer to being a rapist to being overly concerned about my hair to being too rich to being so poor that my socks are dirty. The only ones I have left now to look forward to are some kind of combination of bestiality and pedophilia.

From a legal standpoint, it seems that you're in a no-win situation. If you lose your appeal on February 1st, you will be extradited to Sweden to face questioning, and the United States can ask to extradite you from there. But even if you win your appeal, there's the possibility that the U.S. could just come in and extradite you from England.

Yeah. And the ability to resist extradition here in England is not good.

The conventional wisdom – both in Sweden and the U.S. – is that you won't be extradited. Why are you convinced you will?

Extradition is a political matter. The extradition treaties – those from the U.K. to the U.S. and from Sweden to the U.S. – are both very dangerous for me. Every day that I remain in England, it is dangerous, and if I am in Sweden, it will be at least as dangerous as it is here, and very probably more so. The Swedish foreign minister responsible for extradition, Carl Bildt, became a U.S. Embassy informant in 1973 when he was 24 years old. He shipped his personal effects to Washington, to lead a conservative leadership program, where he met Karl Rove. They became old friends and would go to conferences together and so on.

Karl Rove? How do you know this?

Cables. Although I have not been charged with anything, there is an active allegation against me of rape and sexual molestation against Swedish women. So the political environment in Sweden to defend me against extradition to the United States is quite adverse. Some people have said, "Look, both the United Kingdom and Sweden and many countries say that there is not to be extradition for political offenses." But the United States government is not trying to indict me for a "political" offense – it is trying to indict me for espionage, or conspiracy to commit espionage, and computer hacking. The U.S. grand jury is looking at indicting us for charges which are not, on their face, political. But of course, the reasons are political, and that is a different matter.

So you think the government is going to try to lay the groundwork by saying you're a spy, claiming you're putting soldiers at risk, and then nabbing you after the Swedish allegations are resolved?

These are people used to laying the political ground and laying the media ground. I imagine what they would do is say that this material we published had adversely affected the United Kingdom or adversely affected Sweden. Perhaps they could introduce or leak to the press, under the surface, false speculations that

we had killed Swedish soldiers in Afghanistan, or that we had sold information to the Iranians.

What has the low point been for you in all this? Were there any mornings you woke up saying, "What have I got myself into?"

I understood that the significance of what we were doing was greater than WikiLeaks as an institution and greater than our personal lives. In November, I told our people, perhaps to their surprise, that what we were doing was more significant than the life of any one of us. To that degree, the battles that we've had, the severity of the battles that we've had, is not something I have found to be difficult to deal with. Their severity is a reflection of the quality and importance of our work. That said, the betrayals are hard to take. This confrontation that we have had with the Western national-security state – it's not quite right to call it the U.S. national-security state, because it's a transnational phenomenon – has brought out the best and worst in people. It has brought out opportunism, weakness, other negative qualities. It's brought out greed and cowardice, but it has also brought out strength and loyalty in people. We have lost friends and colleagues, but we have also made very loyal friends, and we have seen the strength of old friends revealed. There's an old military saying: It's not the length of the war but the depth of the trench. For the past year, we have been in a very deep trench, and so the friendships have become deep.

Who has been your most critical public supporter?

John Pilger, the Australian journalist, has been the most impressive. And the other is Dan Ellsberg. It's the amount of time I've spent with him, both in front of and behind the scenes. When people are working in front of the scenes, in public, it is often because it is helpful to them. One never really knows what the true allegiance is. But when someone puts it on the line both publicly and privately, that's a sign of true character. Ron Paul did come out and make an impassioned and rational speech. It has not been the soft liberal left, the pseudo left that has defended us. In fact, they have run a mile. It has been strong activists who have a long record of fighting for what they believe in, both on the libertarian right and on the left.

What do you make of Anonymous? They've supported you.

We were involved with Anonymous from 2008. They were providing us with material related to our investigations into abuses by the Church of Scientology. It was a young pranksterish Internet culture, not something at all to be taken seriously. What's wonderful about what has happened over the last few years is that through engaging with forces much larger than themselves, starting with the

Church of Scientology, they have been educated about how the world actually works. Then, reading information we've released and also seeing the attacks on us, they've been further educated. Now they have become politicized, they've come to understand some of where the big powers are. This was a very apolitical group that had absolutely no understanding about the military-industrial complex whatsoever, and no understanding about international finance. As a result of joining our battle and trying to protect themselves, they have come to see that the threats related to Internet freedom come from the military-industrial complex, the banking system and the media. The media is the third big power group, because when you're involved in something like this, it becomes newsworthy.

What advice do you have for journalists, based on your experience?

I have a lot of sympathy for journalists who are trying to protect their sources. It's very hard now. Unless you're an electronic-surveillance expert or you have frequent contact with one, you must stay off the Net and mobile phones. You really have to just use the old techniques, paper and whispering in people's ears. Leave your mobile phones behind. Don't turn them off, but tell your source to leave electronic devices in their offices. We are now in a situation where countries are recording billions of hours of conversations, and proudly proclaiming that you don't have to select which telephone call you're intercepting, because you intercept every telephone call.


So what's the future of WikiLeaks? Is the organization going to survive?

This week, I think we'll make it. We'll see what happens next week.

Where do you want to end up, when all the legal battles are over?

I don't want to end up anywhere. I want to do what I was doing before. I lived in Egypt when we had important things that needed to be done, or in Kenya or the United States or Australia or Sweden or Germany. When we have opportunities, then that's where I am.

When do you think you'll be able to regain that freedom to do that?

In relation to the United States, we'll have to wait for the revolution. 

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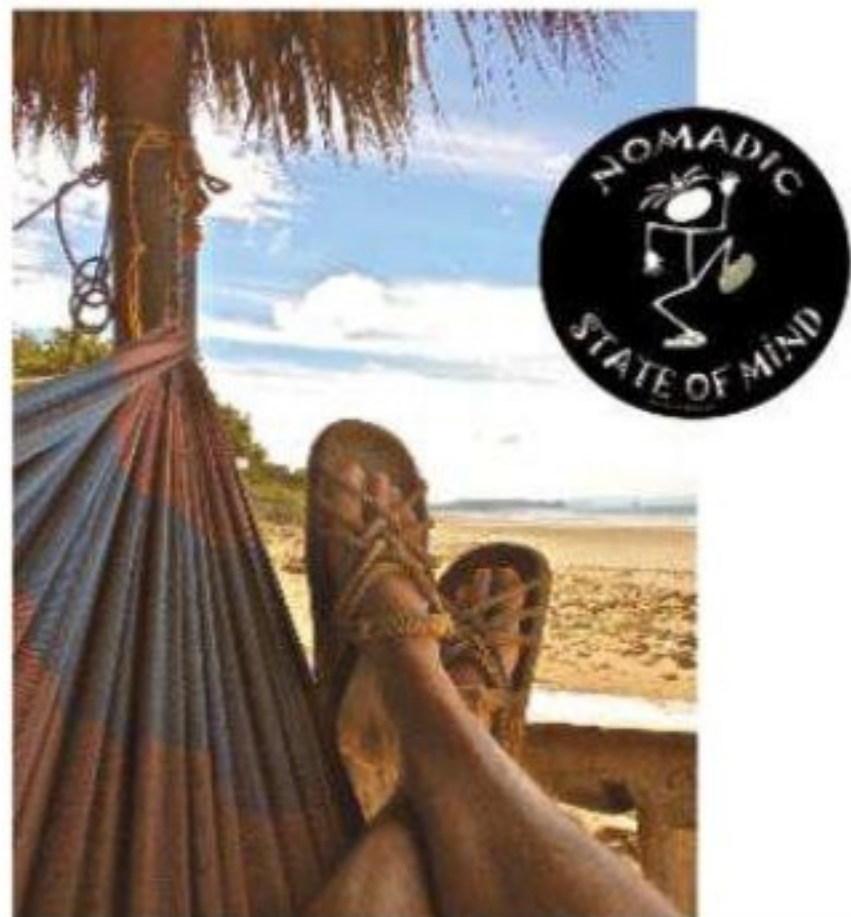
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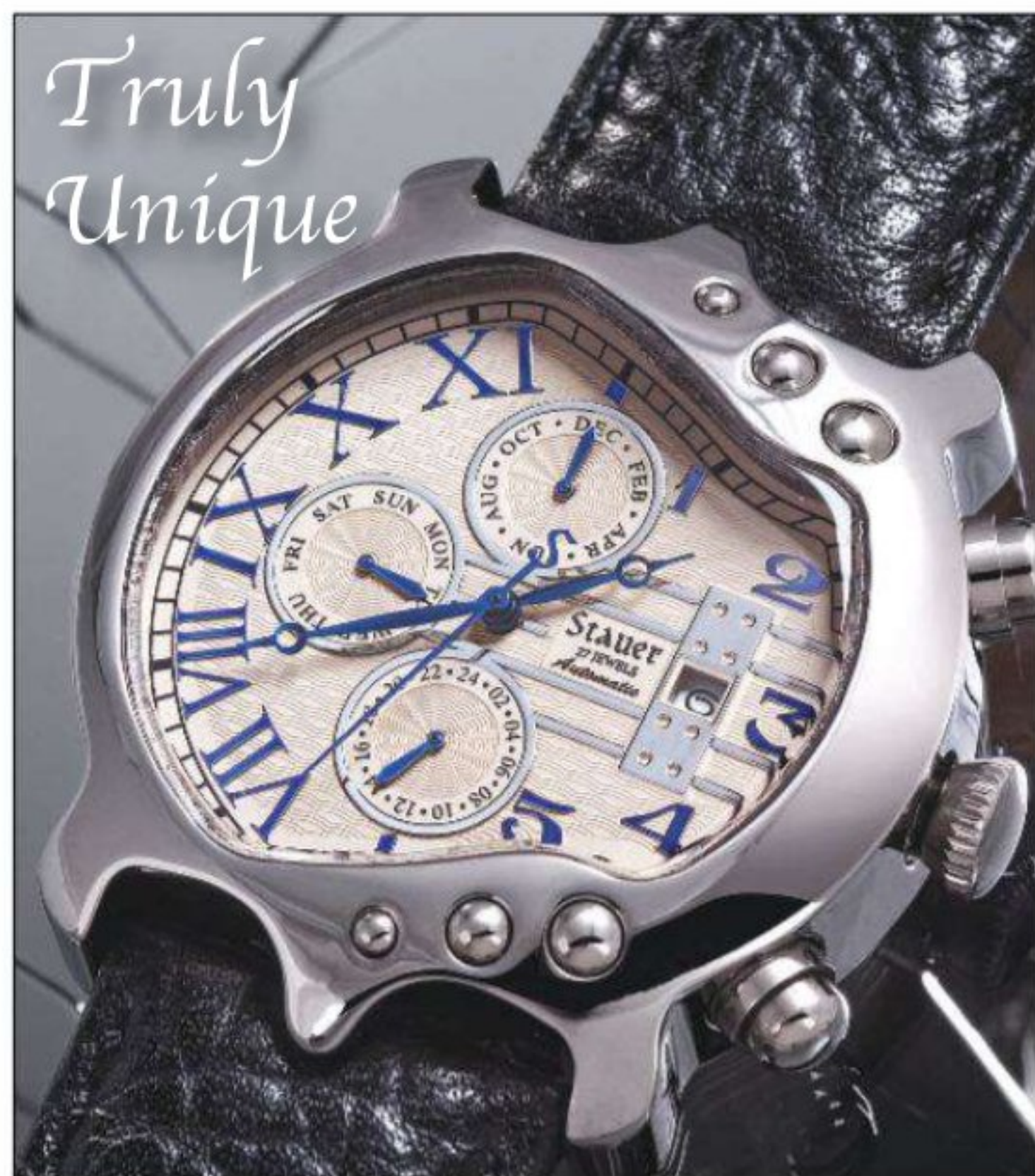
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CHARTS

iTUNES TOP 10 SONGS



- Jason Mraz**
"I Won't Give Up" *Atlantic*
- Adele**
"Set Fire to the Rain" *XL/Columbia*
- LMFAO**
"Sexy and I Know It" *Party Rock/Will.i.am/Cherrytree/Interscope*
- Rihanna**
"We Found Love" *SRP/Def Jam*
- Flo Rida**
"Good Feeling" *Poe Boy/Atlantic*
- Wiz Khalifa and Snoop Dogg**
"Young, Wild & Free" *Atlantic*
- Jay-Z and Kanye West**
"Ni**as in Paris" *Roc-a-Fella/Roc Nation/Def Jam*
- Bruno Mars**
"It Will Rain" *Elektra*
- Katy Perry**
"The One That Got Away" *Capitol*
- LMFAO**
"Party Rock Anthem" *Party Rock/Will.i.am/Cherrytree/Interscope*

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COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10 ALBUMS

- The Black Keys**
El Camino Nonesuch
- M83**
Hurry Up, We're Dreaming Mute
- Tom Waits**
Bad as Me Anti-
- Real Estate**
Days Domino
- Thee Oh Sees**
Carrion Crawler/The Dream (EP) In the Red
- Atlas Sound**
Parallax 4AD
- Ty Segall**
Singles 2007-2010 Goner
- Feist**
Metals Cherrytree/Interscope
- Kate Bush**
50 Words for Snow Anti-
- Los Campesinos!**
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From the Vault

RS 752, January 23rd, 1997

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Toni Braxton**
"Un-Break My Heart" *LaFace*
- En Vogue**
"Don't Let Go (Love)" *EastWest*
- R. Kelly**
"I Believe I Can Fly" *Jive*
- Keith Sweat**
"Nobody" *Elektra*
- Whitney Houston**
"I Believe in You and Me" *Arista*
- BLACKstreet**
"No Diggity" *Interscope*
- Merril Bainbridge**
"Mouth" *Universal*
- New Edition**
"I'm Still in Love With You" *MCA*
- Celine Dion**
"It's All Coming Back to Me Now" *550 Music/Epic*
- Sheryl Crow**
"If It Makes You Happy" *A&M*



On the Cover

"My mom used to tell me when I was a kid, 'If you curse, the devil's going to come when you're sleeping.' I used to get excited - I really wanted it to happen. I was never afraid of what was under the bed. I wanted it more than anything. And I never got it. I just became it." —Marilyn Manson

Top 40 Albums

- 1** **Adele**
21 *XL/Columbia*
- 2** **Drake**
Take Care *Young Money/Cash Money*
- 3** **The Black Keys**
El Camino *Nonesuch*
- 4** **Young Jeezy**
TM:103 Hustlerz Ambition *CTE/Def Jam*
- 5** **Coldplay**
Mylo Xyloto *Capitol*
- 6** **Rihanna**
Talk That Talk *SRP/Def Jam*
- 7** **SafetySuit** NEW
These Times *Universal Motown Digital*
- 8** **LMFAO**
Sorry for Party Rocking *Party Rock/Will.i.am/Cherrytree/Interscope*
- 9** **Now 40**
Various Artists *Universal/EMI/Sony Music*
- 10** **Florence and the Machine**
Ceremonials *Universal Republic*
- 11** **Nickelback**
Here and Now *Roadrunner*
- 12** **Lady Antebellum**
Own the Night *Capitol Nashville*
- 13** **Adele**
19 *XL/Columbia*
- 14** **Toby Keith**
Clancy's Tavern *Show Dog-Universal*
- 15** **Skrillex**
Bangarang (EP) *Big Beat/Mau5trap/Atlantic Digital*
- 16** **Kelly Clarkson**
Stronger *19*
- 17** **Amy Winehouse**
Lioness: Hidden Treasures *Universal Republic*
- 18** **Lil Wayne**
Tha Carter IV *Young Money/Cash Money*
- 19** **Luke Bryan**
Tailgates & Tanlines *Capitol Nashville*
- 20** **Jay-Z and Kanye West**
Watch the Throne *Roc-a-Fella/Roc Nation/Def Jam*
- 21** **Jason Aldean**
My Kinda Party *Broken Bow*
- 22** **Foster the People**
Torches *StarTime/Columbia*
- 23** **Mumford & Sons**
Sigh No More *Glassnote*
- 24** **Mary J. Blige**
My Life... The Journey Continues (Act 1) *Matriarch/Geffen*
- 25** **Scotty McCreery**
Clear as Day *19/Mercury Nashville*
- 26** **The Band Perry**
The Band Perry *Republic Nashville*
- 27** **Anthony Hamilton**
Back to Love *Mister's Music*
- 28** **Lady Gaga**
Born This Way *Streamline/KonLive/Interscope*
- 29** **Daughtry**
Break the Spell *19*
- 30** **Evanescence**
Evanescence *Wind-Up*
- 31** **Beyoncé**
4 *Parkwood/Columbia*
- 32** **Katy Perry**
Teenage Dream *Capitol*
- 33** **Maroon 5**
Hands All Over *A&M/Octone*
- 34** **The Twilight Saga**
Breaking Dawn: Part 1 (Soundtrack) *Summit/Chop Shop/Atlantic*
- 35** **Bruno Mars**
Doo-Wops & Hooligans *Elektra*
- 36** **Alvin and the Chipmunks**
Chipwrecked (Soundtrack) *20th Century Fox Films/Fox/Regency/Atlantic*
- 37** **Florence and the Machine**
Lungs *Universal Republic*
- 38** **Five Finger Death Punch**
American Capitalist *Prospect Park*
- 39** **Eric Church**
Chief *EMI Nashville*
- 40** **J. Cole**
Cole World: The Sideline Story *Roc Nation/Columbia*



New Car Smell

The Black Keys didn't allow *El Camino* on streaming sites, but it's their fastest seller yet, with 470,000 copies sold in its first five weeks.



Jeezy Street

After two years of delays, Atlanta rapper Young Jeezy has sold 336,000 copies of his fourth LP, packed with guests like Jay-Z and Lil Wayne.



Safe and Sound

After Oklahoma alt-rock crew SafetySuit's "These Times" became iTunes' single of the week, their new LP sold 26,000 copies in its first week.



Built to Skrillex

Grammy nominee Skrillex has sold 43,071 copies of his new EP - featuring a dubstep track recorded with the surviving members of the Doors.

00 Chart position on Jan. 11th, 2012
00 Chart position on Jan. 4th, 2012
NEW New Entry ↑ Greatest Gainer
2ND Re-Entry
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